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K I A N A :

A TRADITION OF HAWAII.

BY

JAMES J. JARVES,

Author of "History of the Hawaiian Islands," "Parisian" and "Italian Sights,"
"Art-Hints," &c., &c.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
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M DCCC LVII.

ALFRED HENRY LLOYD

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P R E F A C E .

STRICTLY speaking, there is no such thing as Fiction. Every emotion, thought, or action embodied into literature has been human experience at some time. We can imagine nothing within the laws of nature, but what has had or may have an actual existence. A novel, therefore, but personifies the Truth. In giving a local interest to its actors, it introduces them to the reader through the medium of sympathies and passions, common to his own heart, of reason intelligible to his own mind, or of moral sentiments that find an echo in his own soul. Its success depends upon the skill and feeling with which the author works out his characters into a consistent whole — creating a simple and effective unity out of his plot, locality, and motive. Still every reader likes to feel that the persons whose fates warm his interest in the pages of a romance, actually lived and were as tangibly human as himself, and his degree of interest is apt to be in ratio to his belief that they were real personages. I am glad, therefore, to be able to assure my readers of the following facts.

In my youth I spent several years in different parts of the Pacific Ocean, but chiefly at the Sandwich or Ha-

waiian Islands. While engaged in procuring materials for their history, — first published in 1843, — I was much struck with a tradition relating to their history by Europeans, two and a half centuries before Cook so accidentally stumbled upon them. Briefly it was this —

Eighteen generations of kings previous to Kamehameha I., during the reign of Kahoukapa, or Kiana, there arrived at Hawaii, a white priest, bringing with him an idol, which, by his persuasion, was enrolled in the calendar of the Hawaiian gods, and a temple erected for its service. The stranger priest acquired great influence, and left a reputation for goodness that was green in the memories of the people of Hawaii three centuries later. Another statement adds that a vessel was wrecked on the island, and the captain and his sister reached the shore, where they were kindly received and adopted into the families of the chiefs.

Without enlarging here upon the tradition, and the light my subsequent researches threw upon it, I will simply state that I became convinced that a Spanish priest, woman, and several men were rescued from a wreck, landed and lived in Hawaii, and acquired power and consideration from their superior knowledge, and for a while were even regarded as gods. Some of them intermarried with the aborigines, and their blood still exists (or did recently) among certain families, who pride themselves greatly upon their foreign origin.

Other traces of their existence are perceptible in the customs, ideas, and even the language of the natives,

which last has a number of words strikingly analogous to the Spanish of the same meaning. Captain Cook found among them a remnant of a sword-blade and another bit of iron. They were not strangers to this metal, and as no ores exist in their soil, they could have derived their knowledge solely from foreign intercourse.

Soon after the conquest of Mexico, Cortez sent three vessels upon an exploring expedition to California. After sailing as far as 29° north, one was sent back to report progress. The other two held on and were never heard from. Why may not one of these be the vessel that was wrecked on Hawaii? The winds would naturally drive her in that direction, and the date of the expedition agrees, so far as can be made out from Hawaiian chronology, with the time of the first arrival of white men on that island. Indeed, at that period of maritime discovery, white men could come from no other quarter. For my part, I believe that a port of Mexico was the starting point of the wrecked party; a conjecture which derives some plausibility from the fact, that, when the natives offered the whites bananas and other tropical fruits, they were familiar with them, which would be the case, if they came from Tehuantepec, from whence Cortez fitted out his vessel.

To absolutely identify the white strangers of Hawaii with the missing ships of Cortez, is not now possible. But the interest in them, left thus isolated from civilization amid savages, upon an island in the centre of the then unknown ocean, is peculiar. Especially have I

always been curious to trace the fate of the solitary white woman, — a waif of refinement cast thus on a barbarous shore, — and of the priest too, — to learn how far their joint influence tempered the heathenism into which they were thrown, or whether they were finally overcome by paganism.

Twelve years ago, while amid the scenery described in this volume, and the customs and traditions of the natives were fresh in my mind, I began to pen their history ; but other objects prevented my going on, until the past winter, when leisure and the advice of friends, pleased with the subject, prompted its completion. The descriptions of the natural features of this remarkable island, of the religion, customs, government, and conditions of its aborigines, as well as the events in general, are as faithful transcripts, in words, of the actual, to my personal knowledge, as it is in my power to give.

In saying thus much for the facts, I am in duty bound to add a word for the ideas. Prefaces, some say, are never read. It may be so. But for myself, I like the good old custom, by which as author, or reader, I can talk or be talked directly to. It is the only way of familiar intercourse between two parties so essential to each other. I shall therefore speak on.

Every tale is based upon certain ideas, which are its life-blood. Of late, fiction has become the channel by which the topics most in the thought of the age, or which bear directly upon its welfare, reach most readily the popular mind. But few authors, however, can count

upon many readers, and I am not one of them. Still what a man has to say to the public, should be his earnest thought frankly told. No one has a monopoly of wisdom. The most gifted author cannot fill the measure of the understanding. The humblest may give utterance to ideas, that, however plain to most thinkers, may through him be the means of first reaching some minds, or at least suggesting thoughts that shall leave them wiser and happier. If what he say, has in it no substance of truth, it will speedily come to naught. But on the contrary, if it contain simply the seeds of truth, they will be sure to find a ripening soil somewhere in human hearts, and bud and blossom into peace and progress. With this motive I have spoken freely such views as have been prompted by my experience and reflections. They are not much to read, nor much to skip. Whichever the reader does, he carries with him my warmest wishes for his welfare, and the hope that if he find in the Story nothing to instruct, it may still be not without the power "to amuse."

CASA DAUPHINÉ,
Piazza Maria Antonia,
Florence, 1857.

K I A N A :

A TRADITION OF HAWAII.

CHAPTER I.

“They that sail on the sea tell of the danger thereof; and when we hear it with our ears, we marvel thereat.” — *Ecclesiasticus*, xliii. 24.

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

Ancient Mariner.

To be alone on the great ocean, to feel besides the ship that bears you, nothing human floats within your world's horizon, begets in a thoughtful mind a deep solemnity. The voyager is, as it were, at once brought before the material image of eternity. Sky and sea, each recedes without limit from his view; a circle above, a circle around, a circle underneath, no beginning, no ending, no repose for the sight, no boundary on which to fix the thought, but growing higher and higher, wider and wider, deeper and deeper, as the eye gazes and finds no resting point, — both sea and sky suggest, with overpowering force, that condition of soul which, knowing neither time nor space, forever

mounts Godward. In no mood does Nature speak louder to the heart than in her silence. When her thunders roll through the atmosphere and the hills tremble, the ocean surges and the wind wails ; when she laughs through her thousand notes from bird or blossom, the heart either exults at the strife, or grows tender with sympathy in the universal joy. But place man alone on the ocean, shrouded in silence, with no living thing beyond his own tiny, wooden world for companionship, he begins to realize in the mighty expanse which engulfs his vision his own physical insignificance. The very stars that look down upon him, with light twinkling and faint, from the rapidity with which they have sent their rays through distant firmaments to greet his vision and tell him there are countless worlds of greater beauty and higher perfection for his spirit to explore ; even they deepen his feeling of littleness, till, finally, his soul recovers its dignity in the very magnitude of the scenery spread for its exploration. It knows that all this is but a portion of its heritage ; that earth, air and water, the very planets that mock its curiosity, are ministering spirits, given with all their mysteries to be finally absorbed into its own all-penetrating nature.

Few, however, can so realize their own spirit-power, as to be calm in a calm. A motionless ship upon a silent ocean has a phantom look. The tall, tapering spars, the symmetrical tracery of ropes, the useless sails in white drooping folds, the black body in sharp relief in the white light, added

to the ghost-ship,—the twin of the one in the air,—in dimly-shadowed companionship, hull uppermost and her masts pointing downwards in the blue water, make up a spectral picture. As day after day passes, overhead a hot burning sun whose rays blind without rejoicing, no ripple upon the water, no life, because neither fish nor bird can bear the heat; the very garbage thrown overboard floating untouched, as if destruction rejected her own; the night mantling all in darkness, making silence still more oppressive,—for even the blocks refuse their wonted creaking;—all this consumes the body like rust slowly eating into iron. Nature faints and man sinks into her lassitude. He feels deserted of his own mother. She that bore him mocks him. Perchance a cold grey sky, pregnant with gloom, shuts down all around him, reflecting itself in the ocean which looks even greyer and colder. The atmosphere grows barren of light. No wind comes. Silent, motionless, and despairing, the vessel lies upon the waters; not slumbering, for every nerve within is quickened to unnatural keenness to catch a sign of change. It comes not. The seamen's hearts, too worn to pray or curse, daily sink deeper within them, like masses of lead slowly finding their way through the fathomless depths of the ocean. A sail, a floating spar, a shark or devil fish, anything that were of man or beast, a shrub, the tiniest sea-snail or wildest bird, would be welcomed as Columbus hailed the floating signs that told to his mutinous crew a coming shore.

But none come. Weeks go by thus. Is man a god that his soul cannot fail within him! Must he not sympathize with the surrounding inanition! Welcome battle, welcome storm, welcome all that excites his energies, though it consume blood and muscle; be the mind racked and the body tortured; still man marches triumphantly on to his object. But take away opposition, reduce him to nothingness, convince him that action begets no result, that will is powerless, and he is no longer man. Not to act is conscious annihilation. But Nature never wholly deserts. She leaves hope to cheer humanity with promises that sooner or later must be fulfilled. There is, however, no condition so destitute of all that makes man *Man* as helpless solitude, when mind and body alike without action, stagnate and forget their origin.

Such was the condition of the crew of a vessel about the year 1530, lying motionless on the waters of the Pacific, not far from 25° north latitude and 140° west longitude. The bark was of that frail class, called caravel, scarcely fitted to navigate a small lake, much less to explore unknown seas. Yet, in those days European navigators did not hesitate to trust their lives and fortunes, on voyages of years' duration, to craft which would now be condemned even for river navigation. The one of which we speak was of about seventy tons burden, with a high poop, which gave a comfortable cabin, a half deck and a forecastle, raised like the poop, sufficient to give partial shelter to the numerous crew. One mast with a large lateen sail rose from

the centre of the vessel, but her progress was aided as much by oars as by canvas. At the masthead was a castle-shaped box, in which the seamen could comfortably remain, either as lookouts, or for defence. This gave to the spar a clumsy, top-heavy look, wholly inconsistent with our modern ideas of nautical symmetry.

It was plain that the caravel had been long from port, and had suffered much from stress of weather. Her sides were rusty grey; barnacles clung so thickly below and above the water line, as to greatly interfere with her sailing qualities; the seams were open, and as the hot sun poured upon them, pitch oozed out. A tattered and threadbare sail hung loosely from the long yard which swayed from the masthead. The cordage appeared strained and worn to its last tension. Iron rust had eaten through and stained the wood in all parts of the hull. If paint had ever existed, the elements had long since eaten it up. Everything indicated long and hard usage. Yet amid all there were signs of seamanship and discipline; for bad and shattered as were rope, spar, and sail, everything was in its place and in the best order its condition permitted.

Within the cabin was a weather-beaten young man, well made, of a strong and active frame, features bronzed by long exposure to varied climates, and fine soft hair, somewhat light in color, which even now would have curled gracefully, had it been properly cared for. He lay ill and panting on the transom, with his face close to the open

port, gasping for air; not that he was seriously reduced, for it was readily seen that fatigue, anxiety and scanty fare had more to do with his weak condition than actual disease. Near him was a rude chart of the coasts of Mexico and adjacent sea, which he had long and carefully, and, to all appearance, fruitlessly studied. It was covered with a labyrinth of pencil marks, indicating a confused idea both of navigation and his present position. He had been recently poring over it, and at last had thrown it aside as utterly worthless, or at all events as affording him no clue by which to extricate himself from his present situation in a sea wholly unknown to the navigators of his day.

Near him sat a priest, whose thoughtful, benevolent face was far from expressing despair even under their present circumstances. He talked to the young man of the necessity of trusting themselves to the guidance of Providence, and sought to cheer him by his own hopeful serenity and untiring action.

Around the deck and under such shelter from the heat as they could contrive, the crew reclined in mournful groups; some with faces hardened into despair, and others careless or indifferent. A few only manifested a spirit of pious resignation. The strongest seldom spoke. Their looks were as sullen as their tempers were fierce, and if they opened their mouths, it was to mutter or curse, daring Nature to do her worst. Nothing but their physical debility prevented frequent violent explosions of the pent-up irritability arising from their

helpless state. Disease and starvation were rapidly adding fresh horrors to their situation. One seaman lay on the hard deck with a broken thigh, in which mortification had already begun, groaning and piteously asking for water. In his thirst he would have drank more in one hour than was allowed to the entire crew for a day's consumption. Several others, whose fevered tongues rattled from dryness, were also tossing and moaning on the rough planks, too weak or hopeless to join in the fruitless appeal of their dying comrade. Such water as they had was clotted with slime, and impregnated with foul odors. Their meat was all gone, and the little bread left, musty and worm-eaten.

All wore the look of having long struggled with adverse fortune. They were men whose element was made up of hardship and adventure; men, who, forgetting in one hour's better fortune all that had brought them to their present condition, would not hesitate to embark again on a similar errand. Here they were, bowed in spirit, haggard in features, their hardy limbs lying torpidly about, indifferent to death itself, but worn to worse than death by drifting for weeks about under a pitiless sun on an unknown sea, which the oldest of them had never heard of, and which seemed to them as if they had arrived within the confines of stagnant matter, where they were doomed to rot in body and decay in mind, confined in their vessel, whose slow destruction kept even pace with their own.

Five of their number had already died and been cast overboard. Gladly would they have seen

sharks gorge themselves on their late shipmates, as that would have shown them that the water still contained life. But no carrion fishes came near them. With faces upturned and glassy eyes fixed upon the caravel, those corpses floated about them so long that the crew were at last afraid to look over the bulwarks for fear of seeing what they desired so much to forget.

But humanity had not altogether abandoned them. The frailest in body among that vessel's company proved the strongest in faith and action. A woman was of their number. Consuming even less of their provisions than the others, she reserved herself, and in great measure her allowance of food, for those whose necessity she considered as greater than her own. At all hours was she to be seen moving quietly about, speaking hope and courage to one, giving to eat or drink to another, or fanning the hot brow of a half delirious sufferer, while she talked to him of a home into which no suffering could enter, if the heart once were right. Especially was she devoted to the young man in the cabin. He evidently relied even more upon her than upon the priest, and imbibed fresh strength and hope from her voice and example. The priest was equally unwearied with his bodily aid and spiritual counsel to the crew. Thus it was that amid the most trying of the experiences of ocean-life, despair did not altogether quench hope.

Yet what situation could be more cheerless! One altogether similar in the history of navigation had never occurred before, and by the hurried course

of discovery and civilization, would not again occur. They were literally ALONE, drifting on an unknown, motionless sea. No winds stirred its surface; no birds flew by; no fishes came up from beneath their keel; there was no change except from the burning day to the feverish night, which brought with it no cooling dew, nor any sign to excite a sailor's hope. Although they could not know the fact, not a vessel beside theirs for thousands of miles east or west, north or south, floated on that ocean. Driven thither against their wills, they were the first to explore its solitude. It was true that continents and archipelagoes thickly peopled were around them, but for all they knew, they were being carried by an irresistible fate to the boundary of nature, whence they would drop into a fathomless void. They were therefore literally ALONE.

CHAPTER II.

“Suddaine they see from midst of all the maine,
The surging waters like a Mountain rise,
And the great Sea, puft up with proud Disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
Threatening to devoure all that his Powre despise.”

SPENSER.

THE caravel in question was more than ordinarily frail, having been hastily equipped with two others from the port of Tehuantepec in Mexico, at the order of Cortez for the exploration of the continent about and above the gulf of California. It is true, an experienced seaman named Grijalva had been put in command, and he had been so far successful as to have reached the twenty-ninth degree of north latitude. Thence one vessel had been sent back with an account of his progress. The other two continued their explorations northward, with the hope of arriving at that kingdom so rich in precious metals, of which they had heard so many rumors from the recently conquered Mexicans. Creeping coastwise slowly upward, many fine bays with shores rich in verdure met their view, but of gold they found no traces, and of inhabitants, with the exception of an occasional glimpse of a naked savage, who ran terrified away, they were equally

unsuccessful. Yet they were navigating waters, the tributary streams of which were literally bedded in gold. But neither the time nor people to which this treasure was to be disclosed had arrived. Consequently, Grijalva, with his eyes blinded to what was constantly within his reach, saw nothing but a vast wilderness, which promised neither wealth nor honor as the reward of further exploration. Reluctantly, therefore, he turned his course southward. That night a severe gale came on, and both caravels were driven far from their course towards the southwest. It was in vain with such unseaworthy vessels that Grijalva sought to regain the coast. The wind blew him still farther into unknown seas, which daily became more tempestuous, until his storm-shattered vessel sank in sight of her scarcely better conditioned consort, engulfing all on board.

This sight for the moment chilled the hearts of the surviving crew, and paralyzed their exertions. But Spanish seamen and the soldiers of Cortez were too accustomed to death in every form, to long despair. They redoubled their efforts, and by bailing and cautious steering, keeping the vessel directly before the wind, weathered the gale, which the next day was succeeded by the fatal calm, already described.

There were on board some twenty persons, veterans in the hardships and conflicts of the new world. Their commander was the young man that lay exhausted in the cabin. He spoke to the woman who now sat with his head on her lap,

while she gave him such meagre refreshment as their famished bark afforded. His name was Juan Alvirez. Hers was Beatriz. They were brother and sister. He had been a volunteer with Narvaez, and after his defeat enlisted under Cortez, and was present at the siege of Mexico, and all the subsequent expeditions of his commander, to whom he was greatly attached. This attachment was founded in a congeniality of temperament, which led him to emulate the heroic daring and unflinching perseverance of Cortez, while his more powerful intellect was equally an object of his profound admiration. With the same thirst for adventure, the same chivalric courage, the same devotion to the Catholic worship, the same contempt for the rights, feelings or sufferings of others so that his own desire was gained, devout and loyal, with deep affections, easily moved to anger or kindness, child-like in his impulses, yet strong in action, Alvirez in most points, except judgment, might be considered a Cortez on a small scale. Indeed, his intimacy with him, begun when Alvirez was not twenty years of age, had, by strengthening the natural traits of character so similar to his own, quite merged him into his commander. His individuality was shown chiefly in executing what Cortez ordered, and in blind though gallant acts of devotion, upon the spur of emergency, in which prudence or generalship were not often considered.

Alvirez was frank and social. These qualities joined to his tried bravery made him the favorite of all. Even the Mexicans who had so often suffered

from his arm, learned to distinguish and admire in him that generous fearlessness to all danger, which pitiless to them, was self-devoted to his own cause, and stooping to no artifice in action, went direct to its mark, like the swoop of a hawk upon its quarry. With them he was known as Tonatiuh, 'the child of the sun,' from his burning glance and stroke as quick as light. His thirst for adventure keeping him in continual action, he gladly volunteered to command the soldiery in the expeditions which Cortez sent to explore and subdue the unknown regions to the north of Mexico.

Not yet in the prime of life, we find this Spanish cavalier, faint from exertions which had wearied out all on board, lying half helpless, grieving over the fate of the brave seamen who had so long and skilfully kept the little squadron afloat.

His sister Beatriz shared many of these traits with her brother. She was as brave, self-devoted, ardent, and impulsive as he, but true womanhood and a benevolence of heart which instinctively led her to seek the happiness of those with whom she was, made her in conduct an altogether different being. Deeply imbued with the Roman Catholic faith, while she sedulously conformed to the demands of its ritual, its principles tempered by her own native goodness and purity, reflected through her peace and good will towards all men. Juan was all energy and action. His will flowed from desire like a torrent, rending asunder its natural barriers, and spreading mingled ruin and fertility in its course. Her will was deep, calm, and sure,

without noise, with no sudden movement, but like the quiet uprising of an ocean-tide, it steadily rose, floating all things safely higher and still higher on its bosom, until they attained its own level. All about her felt its movement, wondered at the effect, and welcomed the cause.

Her influence over rude men was not the result of charms that most attract the common eye. The oval of her head was faultless. Her hair was of ethereal softness, and seemed to take its hue and character from her mind rather than from nature's pigments. Considering her race, her complexion was rare, being blonde. Warmth, firmness, decision, and much heart-suffering, were denoted by her mouth. Her eyes spoke at will the language of her soul, or kept its emotions as a sealed book. Yet they were not beautiful in the strictly physical sense, being in repose somewhat lifeless in color, but when they talked, an illumination as if from another sphere overspread her countenance, and surrounded her entire person with an atmosphere radiant with spirit emotion. So gentle, yet so penetrating was her speech, that it seemed as though she breathed her language. To the listener it was as if some delicious strain of music had passed through him, harmonizing his whole nature. This, no doubt, was owing rather to her purity and earnestness, as they found language and a responsive echo and all that was true and good in others, than to any wonderful endowment of voice. Her vital organization being acute and generous, she was extremely susceptible to all life emotions, yet so

well-balanced was her character, which was the result of a varied experience, garnered into wisdom, that came more from intuition than out of the cold processes of reason, that rarely was she otherwise than the same quiet high-toned woman, as persuasive to good by her presence, as faithful to it by her example. None, therefore, asked her age, debated her beauty, or questioned her motives. All, even the mercenary soldier, the profane seamen, and the untutored Indian, felt themselves better, happier and safer, for having her among them. Her sad, sympathizing face, her winning speech, generous action, and noiseless, graceful carriage, were to them more of the Madonna than of the earth-woman. Yet she was strictly human, differing from others of her sex only in being a larger type of God's handiwork, with fuller capacities both to receive and give, whether of suffering or joy. The key to her character was her invariably following her own noble instincts, sanctioned and aided as they were by the principles of her faith. In this respect, she was fortunate in possessing for her confessor the priest who was with them. He was a Dominican monk, Olmedo by name, and although attached by education to his theology, was of enlarged and humane mind, and felt that love rather than force was the only sure principle of conversion of the heathen to Christianity.

Olmedo had come from Spain with the father of Alvarez, who held a post of trust in Cuba. Thence he followed Cortez to Mexico, and on repeated occasions had done much to soften his

fanaticism, and inspire him with a more humane policy towards the unhappy Indians. When Alvarez set out on the present expedition, his sister and Olmedo determined to accompany him; the former from her love for Juan, and the latter from attachment to both, and the hope that he might find a field for missionary labor, in which the principles that animated him and Beatriz might have free scope, unneutralized by the brutality and excesses of the miscalled soldiers of the Cross.

The other members of the caravel's company need just now no special mention, except that although bred in the Cortez school of blood and rapine, they were, almost unconsciously to themselves, influenced much not only by the high toned courage and unflinching perseverance of their commander, but still more by the purer examples and earnest faith of Beatriz and Olmedo; each of whom, as opportunity offered, sought to deepen this impression, and to persuade them that there was truer treasure on earth than even the gold for which they lavished their blood, and better enjoyment to be found than in the brutal indulgence of base passions. There was, in consequence, in most of them a devotion to their leader and confessor, loftier and more sincere than the force of discipline, or the ordinary inspiration of their religion, because founded on an appeal to their hearts. For Beatriz the rudest one among them would willingly have shed all his blood to save a drop of hers.

"May the Holy Mother receive their souls," somewhat abruptly exclaimed Juan, who had been

musings upon the fate of Grijalva. His sister did not reply, except by a deep sigh, feeling that silence best expressed her sympathy with her brother's ejaculation.

Juan and those of the crew who now remained alive, exhausted by their sufferings and labors, soon sunk into a sound sleep. Olmedo and Beatriz were alone left awake, and avoiding by a common instinct the past, they talked only of their present situation and probable future. There was nothing in their external conditions to authorize hope for maiden or priest; yet a reliance on divine care so completely filled their hearts, that although no light penetrated their ocean-horizon, each felt and spoke words of encouragement to the other.

While they talked, light breezes began in variable puffs to stir the sails. As the wind increased, it grew contrary to the course for Mexico, yet it was balmy, and as the sea under its influence began to rise and fall in gentle swells, the air became cooler, and the sky was gradually interspersed with fleecy clouds which occasionally shed a little rain.

Awakening Juan and the crew, Olmedo pointed to the clouds, which, driving before them, seemed to beckon to some unknown haven beyond. "Our deliverance has come," exclaimed he; "let us lose no time in welcoming the breeze."

"We cannot reach Mexico with this wind," said Juan glancing aloft; then, as his spirits revived with the brightening prospect, he gaily added, "Let us follow whither it blows; new fields of adventure may repay us for those we have lost."

“ My son,” solemnly replied Olmedo, “ we are a feeble band, but trusting in Him who ordereth all things, we may accept with gratitude the auspicious breeze; not to carry us to new scenes of slaughter, but in the hope that He who has preserved us alike from the storm and calm, reserves us for a more noble mission.”

“ What say you, Beatriz, is father Olmedo right ? ” asked Juan, more to hear her voice than as desiring her opinion, which he knew would conform to her confessor’s.

“ Dear brother, our father is right. Orphans that we are, let us abandon ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Virgin and the saints. They will lead us to the work they have for us to do.”

To the followers of Alvirez, any course which promised a new excitement or conquest was welcome. They therefore bestirred themselves with such alacrity as their famished condition permitted. In a short time the caravel was going before the wind with all the speed she was capable of, while the crew, excepting the necessary watch, again betook themselves to the repose they so greatly needed, and which, sustained as it now was by hope, did much to revive their strength.

CHAPTER III.

“ My dream is of an island place
Which distant seas keep lonely;
A noble island, in whose face
The stars are watchers only.
Those bright still stars ! they need not seem
Brighter or stiller in my dream.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN the nineteenth degree of north latitude, and one hundred and fifty-five degrees west, lies a large and important island, one of a group stretching for several hundred miles in a north-westerly direction. At the date of this tale, it was wholly unknown, except to its aborigines. Situated in the centre of the vast North Pacific, not another inhabitable land within thousands of miles, it was quietly biding its destiny, when in the circumnavigating advance of civilization westward to its original seat in the Orient, it should become a new centre of commerce and Christianity ; and, as it were, an Inn of nature's own building on the great highway of nations.

Up to this time, however, not a sail had ever been seen from its shores. Nothing had ever reached them within the memories of its population, to disprove to them that their horizon was not the limits of the world, and that they were not its sole possessors. It is true, that in the songs of their

bards, there were faint traces of a more extended knowledge, but so faint as to have lost all meaning to the masses, who in themselves saw the entire human race.

Hawaii, for such was the aboriginal name of the largest and easternmost island, was a fitting ocean-beacon to guide the mariner to hospitable shores. Rising as it does fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, snow-capped in places, in others shooting up thick masses of fire and smoke from active volcanoes, it could be seen for a great distance on the water, except, as was often the case, it was shrouded in dense clouds. Generally, either the gigantic dome of Mauna Loa, which embosomed an active crater of twenty-seven miles in circumference on its summit, which was more than two and a half miles high, or the still loftier, craggy and frost-clad peaks of Mauna Kea, met the sight long before its picturesque coast-line came into view. As usually seen at a long distance, these two mountain summits, so nigh each other and yet so unlike in outline, seemingly repose on a bed of clouds, like celestial islands floating in ether. This illusion is the more complete from their great elevation, and coming as they do with their lower drapery of vapor, so suddenly upon the sight of the voyager, after weeks, and, as it often happens, months of ocean solitude.

Nowhere does nature display a more active laboratory or on a grander scale. At her bidding, fire and water here meet, and, amid throes, explosions, upheavings and submergings, the outpourings of

liquid rock, the roars of a burning ocean, hissing, recoiling and steaming at the base of fiery mountains, which amid quakings and thunders shoot up high into air, not only flame and smoke, but give birth to other mountains, which run in fluid masses to the shore forming new coast-lines, she gradually creates to herself fresh domains out of the fathomless sea, destined by a slower and more peaceful process to be finally fitted for the abode of man. For ages before the human race appeared, this fierce labor had been going on. Slowly decreasing in violence as the solid fabric arose from the sea, the vegetable and animal kingdom at last successively claimed their right to colonize the land thus prepared for them. Nature, however, had not yet finished the substructure; for although she had extinguished a portion of her fires and allowed the forests to grow in some spots in undisturbed luxuriance, yet there were others still active and on a scale to be seen nowhere else on the globe. At intervals, rarer as they became older, they belched forth ruin, to add in time greater stability and more fertility to the new-formed earth.

Even to this day, Hawaii continues in a transition state. The vast agencies to which the island owes its origin, not unfrequently shake it to its centre, giving a new impetus to its geological growth. Sometimes it rocks, so it seems, on its centre, and alternately rising and falling, the ocean invades the land, sweeping from the coast by its fast rushing tide,—piled up by its velocity into such a wall of water as in its recoil overwhelmed Pharaoh's host

in the Red Sea, — whole villages, and carrying off numbers of their struggling population to perish in its vortex. So rapid is its reflux and over so vast a space, that it often leaves bare its own bed, with the finny tribes stranded amid its coral forests, or flapping helplessly on its sandy bottom. When this phenomenon occurs it is generally in quick successive waves, without previous warning, and so rapidly, that were it not for the amphibious habits of the islanders, the destruction of life would be great.

The sister islands further to the west have long since ceased to fear earthquake or volcanic eruption. Their surfaces are covered with extinct craters, lined in general with verdure and melodious with the notes of birds. Around each of the group, by the labors of the tiniest of her creatures, as if to show how the feeblest agencies at her bidding can control the strongest, Nature is slowly but surely constructing a coral frame, a fit setting to her sunny picture. The busy little zoöphyte, by its minute industry sets that bound to the ocean, which Canute in all his power was unable to do. Over its barriers and through its vegetable-like forms, trees and shrubs, blossoms and flowers, rich in every hue which gives beauty to the land, the rushing wave can pass only by giving toll to these water bees. They have not to seek their food, but they make the everlasting waters bring it to their door, and pour over them, in their struggle to reach the shore, a glad symphony of power and praise.

On the northeast of Hawaii lies a deep bay,

fringed with coral reefs, but in many places presenting high cliffs, precipitous masses of volcanic rock, rent by deep chasms, or forming valleys through which pour streams of fresh water along banks of surpassing fertility. Everywhere the soil is good and the vegetation profuse. Numerous cascades tumble from the hills in all directions, giving life and music to the scene. Some are mere threads of water lost in spray amid rainbow arches, before reaching the rocky basins underneath. Others shoot from precipices, waving, foaming torrents, which thunder over stream-worn rocks, far away beneath in sunless and almost inaccessible dells. Emerging from these into placid rivers, they flow quietly on till meeting the incoming surges of the ocean, which, as they struggle over the coral bars at their mouths, whiten their surfaces with foam and break into eddies and uncertain currents, creating trying navigation for the frail canoes of the islanders.

The vegetation was unequal in luxuriance. In some spots it pushed its verdure quite into the brine, which not unfrequently watered the roots of trees that overhung it. In others, broad belts of sand came between the grasses and the water. These glistened in the sun's rays in contrast with the back ground of dense green, like burnished metal. Earth, the provident mother, had not, however, so overdone her good works, as in some of the more southern groups to provide a meal without other labor than plucking. There were fine groves of the different species of food-bearing palms, —

orchards of bread-fruit and other kinds of trees, from which man could derive both sustenance and material to clothe and house him ; but for these purposes and the culture of the taro plant, which was his main resource, no little labor and skill were necessary.

Metals were unknown. The animal and feathered creature were scanty in species and numbers, and much of the island surface was still a wilderness of basaltic rock or fields of lava and cinders. But such was the salubrity of the climate and the activity of nature, that its resources for the comfort, and to a considerable degree of the civilization of man, were making rapid development ; not sufficient as yet to release him from the active exercise of his faculties, and thus induce a sensual repose, but just enough to reward him for exertion, while indolence was sure to beget actual want.

The little caravel with her famished and sickly crew that we left in the midst of the North Pacific, rolling before a fresh breeze from the north-east, which proved to be the regular trade-wind, had continued her course for several days in the same direction. During this time, several others of the ship's company had died and been cast overboard. Frequent showers, and the occasional catching of flying-fish, and now and then a dolphin or porpoise, did somewhat to restore the physical energies of the survivors, while the balmy condition of the air, the exhilaration of rapid motion, and the prospect of novel adventure, had much weight in raising the spirits of all.

Still there were no indications of land. The sun had set for the tenth time behind the same purple canopy of clouds; the same birds screamed and flew overhead; the waves rose and toppled after them with gushing foam, just so high and no higher; the sails bellied out with monotonous fullness; not a rope was stirred nor oar moved; on, on, rolled the caravel, now dipping this bulwark, now that, surging aside the water and trailing it in her wake with the noise of a mill-course; no variety, except that the north-star sank lower each night, until the very evenness of their way, hour answering to hour and day to day, began to beget in them a feeling of doubt as to the actual existence of land in the direction they were heading. This, combined with the weariness which inevitably steals over the senses when long at sea without change, led to greater carelessness in the night-watches. They fancied themselves borne onward by a fate which their own precautions could neither alter nor avert. Hence it was, that having worn out conjecture and argument as to their positive and probable destiny, they had on the tenth evening more than ordinarily abandoned themselves to chance. The day had been thicker than usual, and there was no light at night except the uncertain twinkling of stars through driving masses of clouds.

All except the helmsman slept. He dozed. Habit kept him sufficiently awake to keep the caravel to her course, but nothing more. Suddenly a dull, weighty sound was heard, like the roll of

heavy waters, dying slowly away in the distance. Another; then another; quicker and quicker, each louder and nearer. The caravel was lifted high on one sea and fell heavily into the trough of another, rolling so uneasily as to start up all on board. At this moment the pilot, catching the gleam of a long line of breakers, hoarsely shouted "all hands, quick, or by the saints we are lost," at the same moment putting the helm hard down to bring her into the wind. He was too late. The craft fell broadside into the rollers and became unmanageable. The mast snapped off close to the deck, and was pitched into the water to the leeward. At the same instant a grinding, crushing sound was heard underneath, as the caravel was lifted and thrown heavily upon the reef, breaking in the floor timbers and flooding her hold with water. It was too dark to distinguish anything but the white crest of the breakers all around, while their noise prevented any orders being distinctly heard. Indeed so sudden and complete was the disaster, that there was nothing to be done by the crew but to cling to the wreck and passively await their fate. Death came soon to a number, who were washed overboard and taken by the undertow seaward, where sharks fed upon them. Waves washed over the vessel in quick succession, gradually breaking her up. The after cabin held together longest, affording some shelter to its occupants. In a little while, however, even this was gone. All left on board were floated off, they knew not whither, clinging to whatever they could grasp, and rolled over in the surf until

most of them became insensible. Beatriz, however, retained her presence of mind, and aided by the almost superhuman efforts of Tolta, a Mexican captive, was finally cast upon a soft beach, without other injury than a few skin bruises and the swallowing of a little water, of which she was soon relieved. It was too dark to learn the fate of the others. Dragging themselves beyond the wash of the breakers, in anxious suspense they awaited day-break to disclose more fully their situation.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell. The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed.”

SHELLEY.

WITHIN the tropics the sun lights up the earth or leaves it, with scarcely any of the mysterious greeting or farewell, with which in more northern climates he loiters on his way, dyeing the landscape with subtle gradations of colors, from the fullest display of his mingled glories in a yellow and purple blaze, to the faintest hues of every shade, delicate and aerial, like the gossamer robes of spirit land. His coming is punctual and his welcome hearty. Objects take their hue and shape from out of the night almost instantaneously, changing from black to golden brightness, as by the touch of magic. There is loss of beauty to the eye in this, though the earth may gain in fertility from not having to wait so long for the fruitful warmth.

It was well nigh morning when the caravel broke up in the reef. The air was warm, and although the surf roared as loudly as ever, the wind had gone down. Soon the sun began to appear above

the horizon. Beatriz, availing herself of its earliest light, began to search for her brother and his company. Tolta was active also. Bits of the wreck strewn the beach, with here and there articles that might still be of service, but she paid no attention to them. Hurriedly looking about her, hoping yet fearful, she espied a body half-buried in the sand. In an instant she was beside it, but it was one of the crew, stiff and cold. There was no time to spare for a corpse, so she continued her search for the living. An object half hidden amid low shrubbery caught her eye. Hastening thither, she saw the well known white robe of Olmedo. With a cry of joy she rushed to it, and then breathlessly knelt at his side, placing her hand upon Olmedo's heart and her mouth close to his, to detect any signs of life. He was warm and breathing. His eyes slowly opened, and recognizing Beatriz, for a moment he seemed to have forgotten the wreck, and to imagine himself still at sea. As he stretched out his hand with a smile, to give her his wonted welcome, she seized it passionately, kissed it and burst into tears.

The good father, surprised at this feeling in one usually so calm, yet carried away by it without knowing why, pressed her hand warmly in return, while a tear found its way also to his eye. Instantly recovering her usual manner, Beatriz asked if he could give her tidings of Juan.

The question recalled to Olmedo the disaster of the night. He had himself been thrown ashore, on top of a plank to which he had clung at the breaking

up of the caravel, and had scrambled up the beach, until he reached the bushes, where he had been found half gone in faintness and sleep.

At the name of Juan he started to his feet and said, "Let us lose no time in looking for him. The wreck was so sudden that human efforts could not have availed to save any one. God may have brought him safely to shore as he has us."

They had not gone far before a well known voice was heard calling loudly upon Beatriz. In an instant, she was clasped in the embrace of her brother. He had rushed from a neighboring grove, as he caught sight of his sister, and now the two in their sudden joy clung to each other with mingled sobs and laughter; for being twins their active affections had been formed together in one maternal mould.

Juan led the party to the spot from which he had emerged, where they found three of the seamen. It seems that Juan had reached the land, somewhat bruised, in company with them, and the four had spent their time in searching for Beatriz and others of the crew, but owing to the darkness of the night and the loudness of the surf, they were neither seen nor heard. Farther search assured them that they were the sole survivors of the wreck. Accordingly having secured the few objects of utility that had been thrown ashore from it, they began to explore their new home in reference to their future wants.

The land was much broken and thickly covered with vegetation, some of which was familiar to them from being common to the "tierra caliente" of Mexico. As they wandered inland they came

to cultivated patches of yam and the sweet potato. Many of the fields were enclosed in well constructed stone walls. They were therefore in an inhabited land, and, as they thought, must soon meet the tillers of the soil. Bananas and other fruit hung within their reach. Numerous paths intersected grounds, which were divided into square or oblong lots, surrounded by dykes, planted with the broad leafed, nutritious taro, and irrigated by so admirable a network of water-courses as to extort from all exclamations of surprise. Following up the most trodden of these paths, they came to a retired valley embosomed amid forest-clad hills, with a quiet stream flowing through its centre, and cultivated as far up as the eye could see, in the same manner as the fields through which they had passed. Soon houses came into view. They were in clusters, low, of thatch, raised on embankments, with stone pavements around them, or fenced in by rude palisades.

Expecting each minute to meet the owners, they proceeded cautiously towards them. They were disappointed, however, for not a human being appeared; not even a dog or domestic animal of any kind; the air was still and the sun hot; there was no hum of insects or song of birds; the sole life that met their view was now and then a stray lizard, that glided so quickly and silently away as but to make the surrounding stillness still more sensible.

They began to distrust their senses. Were they in an enchanted land? Was their shipwreck real,

or were they dreaming? Their very voices seemed to die out in the universal silence. They gathered fruit and eat, and this reassured them of the reality of their appetites at least, but their own shadows as they lengthened before them seemed unreal, while those of tree and rock cast spectral forms about their path.

Terrible and oppressive grew upon them the ambiguity of their position. Were they watched and being led by enchantment into the power of savage foes, or were they tantalized by illusions, like the dreams of starving men who rave of dainties ever within their reach? What meant this life without life, harvest without reapers, houses without owners, this atmosphere without insect-hum or bird-song? The very waters enclosed in rocky basins, or overshadowed by motionless foliage, were unrippled by current or wave, and repeating the landscape in their still depths, made it even more unreal. The gracefully shaped canoes which floated upon them without moving, looked as if painted upon the surface of the stream.

Juan's impatient spirit chafed for want of action. "By the Holy Mass, father Olmedo," he cried, "this silence beats that which made us hold our breaths on the night when we marched out of Mexico, thinking we were stealing away unseen from those red devils, when tens of thousands of their impish eyes were glaring upon us, awaiting the signal to drag us to their damnable temples. Well must you remember it, and how sad a night they made of it to us, after the silence was once broken by

their infernal yells, as they dragged away so many of our companions to have their hearts torn from their living bodies, as offerings to their hideous war-god. Jesu Maria! I like not this awful stillness. Give me rather a hundred foes and my own trusty horse, that I might dash among them with our old battle-cry;" — and in the excitement of the moment, he sprang forward, waved his sword and shouted at the top of his voice, "At them, cavaliers; Santiago for Spain."

"Ah! I have started you at last," he exultingly exclaimed. "Hark! By the Holy Virgin, they reply in our blessed language. A dozen wax candles for our Lady's shrine for this, as soon as I can get them, — we are among friends, Beatriz."

"You mistake, Juan," replied Beatriz. "The words you hear are only your own sent back from the hills."

Juan, distrusting her more acute senses, again shouted, and convinced himself that it was only the rocks that mockingly echoed the shout. It was the first time since their creation, that they had given back a sound foreign to their own shores, and it seemed to linger long among them as if they relished its notes. Then the silence brooded over the scene more ominously than before, as no foes appeared, and no human voice sent back the defiance. Tolta's eyes, however, glared furiously on Juan at his ill-timed allusion to "*La Noche Triste*," but it was only for a moment. Beatriz had observed the look, and in a low whisper said to Juan, "Nay, brother, forbear, that night was a sad one to

many besides ourselves. Why provoke Tolta to revengeful thoughts? He has done us both faithful service. For my sake respect his feelings."

Chafed as he was at the mysterious silence, which only angered him, while it awed, not through fear, but from the depths of its repose, the hearts of Olmedo and Beatriz, who found something in it kindred to their own position, Juan's hasty impulse would have been to have vented his irritation upon the Mexican, but a second look from his sister restored his better nature, and he frankly held out his hand to him, exclaiming, "Pardon my hastiness, Tolta, I meant not to vex you."

The Mexican's features resumed their usual apathy, and no one would have supposed from them, that an emotion had ever touched his heart. Yet among them all, no eye or ear was keener than his, no nature more sensitive, none so quick in its perceptions when touched in its own interests or passions, and none more patient, outwardly forbearing, and inwardly revengeful, for he was faithful to self-immolation in his friendship, and equally so in his enmity.

In him love to the individual and hate to the Spanish race were so interwoven, that it would have been impossible for himself to foresee how he should act on any occasion which might afford scope for either passion. He was an Aztec by birth, of the race of the priesthood, young, accustomed to arms, and learned in the lore of his race; at heart a worshipper of their idols, though a forced baptism, and the necessities of a captive, made him nominally a Christian. Manuel was the name be-

stowed in baptism, but I prefer to retain that of his birth. In him lay dormant all those qualities which marked the downfall of his nation. He was both subtle and open, gentle and fierce; in his domestic relations inclined to love and peace, refined and courteous; in his faith believing in one God of "perfection and purity," yet delighting in smearing the altars of terrible deities with human gore; a tiger in rage, and a lamb in sentiment; in short, combining in his own breast the instincts of brute and man, with no harmonizing principle to keep him in permanent peaceful relations with himself or his kind. He believed in peace and purity, and delighted in war and cruelty, displaying to his enemies either open and irreconcilable hatred, or concealing revenge under the mask of courtesy and kindness, nay, almost servility, at the same time recognizing no principles of humanity or religion which interfered with his desires. As a conqueror, he was imperious; as a captive, abject. But the native pride and fierceness of his race, so long dominant among servile tribes, ill adapted him to his present anomalous state, in which, while feeling himself partly treated as a friend, he could not forget the events so recent in the history of his race which had made him in reality a slave. Although he brooded much over his own altered destinies and his country's fall, yet, while with Beatriz, the gentle principle in his nature became active, and he felt soothed and grateful.

Concord being restored, the little party footed their way towards a cluster of houses of more pre-

tension than the others, built upon a slight eminence, terraced on all sides with stone work, and having a flight of steps to the summit. This was walled in, and gave sufficient area to enclose quite a hamlet. Indeed it might be considered a fortification of no slight strength, where fire-arms were unknown.

They proceeded cautiously up the steps, stimulated by curiosity, and thinking it better to brave openly and promptly any danger that might threaten, as from experience they knew that no demeanor imposes more powerfully upon barbarians than courage. To this course Tolta advised them. He was the least affected by the singularity of their position, and seemed in many things to recognize a similarity in the degree of civilization and manner of cultivation, as well as in the articles themselves, to the habits and productions of tribes on the southern frontiers of his own country, though the entire absence of precious metals, and any altars or edifices which indicated the worship of sanguinary deities, puzzled him not a little.

Immediately within the wall, and bordering the main avenue, leading to a large and commodious house, were many rudely carved wooden images, with round staring eyes and grinning mouths. Before them were the remains of fruit, and about them were hung wreaths of flowers, indicating that they were held in reverence. Passing between them, Juan felt disposed to try the temper of his sword upon their awkwardly shaped legs and arms for practice, and to express his abhorrence of what he

termed blasphemy, quite forgetful that in his own land images of the Virgin and saints, some scarcely better executed, were common to every street and by every roadside, and that before them were lamps constantly burning and offerings of flowers placed.

Olmedo's better judgment checked him. "This indeed may be, my son, as you say, a device of Satan to turn their hearts from the true worship; but let us learn more before we act. These very offerings and idols prove the necessity of worship to the darkened minds of their makers, and from these false symbols we may by persuasion turn them to the holy ones of our religion. Remember the Master's charge to Peter, when he would have taken the sword. We have had too much of that, and too many of your brothers in arms have already perished by the sword. We have been led hither for some wise purpose. Be peaceful and patient. God will disclose his design in due season. In the meantime, let us respect all that we see, and if the people of this silent valley show themselves, meet them with the cross aloft and open hands. We are too few to contend against a multitude, though not to persuade them by courtesy and our very helplessness to peace and kindness. If none appear, let us use these good gifts, as provided by Him who has led us thither."

Juan replied: "By my troth, father, I would clip off the heads of a few of these ugly monsters, if for no other motive than to call up a host of the evil spirits that possess them, that I might do them battle. You speak truth, however, and I will be

patient. Hurry on, my men, let us explore this sanctuary, and see if we can start out any one to give us the hospitality we so sorely need."

Beatriz, who feared his hasty mood, stopped him as he was about to enter the large house. "No, Juan, let me go in first. The inmates, if any there be, may slumber; the presence of a maiden," said she, "will create neither alarm nor fear. I will enter first."

So saying, she drew aside the heavy cloth which hung at the door and went in. Olmedo not heeding her request to Juan, entered immediately after, but not soon enough to anticipate Tolta, who glided in before him as noiselessly as a shadow. Juan and the others without further question followed after.

They found themselves in a spacious room formed by white posts driven into the ground, with rafters springing from them, making a lofty roof, covered throughout with thatch, fastened on in the neatest manner with neatly braided cord. The floor was spread with white mats. Every part was scrupulously clean. There were raised divans of fine mats variously colored, and as pliable as the coarser cloths of Europe. These invited repose, though the pillows being of wood covered with matting, indicated no effeminacy in the slumbers of their owners. Several of these divans were curtained by gaily painted cloths, differing in texture from anything they had seen before. It was something between paper and the cotton fabrics of Mexico. Garments of the same material, but of softer and finer quality

hung about the walls. There were also wooden bowls of beautiful grain, highly polished and indicating no slight degree of mechanical skill; also vessels for water, formed from the gourd plant and prettily ornamented; fans, graceful plumes of crimson and golden feathers, protective armor of net or basket work, war clubs, spears and other weapons. In fine, they found themselves within a house, which afforded all that was necessary to their wants in that climate, and much that showed no inconsiderable degree of refinement and taste, but no one to challenge their intrusion.

The other houses presented a similar sight. They ransacked everywhere to find some one to explain the unaccountable desertion. There had been no haste. The inhabitants had not fled in fear. Everything was in its natural place and condition, just as were the household effects of the Pompeiians, when Vesuvius buried them in lava and ashes. But here the mystery was inexplicable. Evidently the desertion had not been very recent. Some weeks must have passed. Their own appearance, therefore, could not be connected with it. There was not an article that could properly belong to such domestic circles that was wanting, and all in the best condition and ready for use. Everything, however, that had life had been carefully removed. Even the usual tenants of deserted habitations, rats, were missing. The awe that almost mastered them in the silence of the open valley, no longer clung to them in the confined walls of human make. Curiosity was now uppermost. They talked freely and

loudly, and busied themselves with conjectures to solve the wonder, but with no other result than to weary their minds without any satisfactory answer.

“At all events,” said Juan, “all but drowned in the morning, with our brave caravel ground to pieces on the rocks, and most of our poor seamen a prey to the fishes, here we are at night well housed, with food at hand, and no greedy innkeeper’s face to suggest a long bill. For my part let’s to sleep. This is much more comfortable than campaigning amid the rocks of Tlascalla, with the prospect of a copper-headed lance finding its way between the ribs before one could sleep out his first nap.”

“You counsel rightly,” replied the priest, “but first let us unite in the Ave Maria.” So saying, he motioned to them to come into the open air, and holding up his crucifix he led the chant, while the others knelt and joined in. Then in the silence of the setting sun, there arose, for the first time in that unknown land, the hymn of praise to the mother of Jesus, woman deified and restored to her true nature as the hope and purifier of man, the type of God’s love to his own image. Softly and gently as Beatriz breathed the words “Ave purissima,” they seemed to fill all space, and borne on the air of the fast coming night, stole through the valley, along the waters, up the hill-sides and amid the trees, with a melody which made all Nature listen and repeat in notes still more penetrating, that thrilling symphony of peace and purity. The evening stars looked down gladly upon the little band, and shedding a harmonious radiance around the

singers, their hearts grew quiet and strong. Even Tolta felt its influence. As the seamen looked at the hideous idols about them, they fancied they saw them move in the night air as if they too bowed in worship to a spirit mightier than their own. It was indeed mightier; for it was the spirit of Love.

CHAPTER V.

“ See man from Nature rising slow to Art.” — POPE.

MAUNA KEA, the highest mountain of Hawaii, occupies the northern portion of the island. In some places it descends in grassy slopes, sufficiently gentle to form plains, dotted here and there with the many armed pandanus and the thickly leaved kukui trees. From the resinous nuts of the latter the natives obtained their torches, while its rich foliage and grand proportions made it equally valuable for timber or shade.

At the distance of some twenty miles from the bay where the caravel was wrecked, there was a level and extensive plain fringed with forests of the above named trees, and backed by the snow-topped mountains. The front afforded a wide-spread view of the ocean, the breezes from which, added to an elevation of several thousand feet, gave it a climate much cooler and more bracing than that of the coast. On this account, and from its natural beauties, it had from time immemorial been used by the Hawaiians as a spot on which to celebrate public games or sacred festivals. Its verdant and carefully irrigated soil afforded food for the numerous priests who belonged to the different

“heiaus” or temples to be seen within its limits. These were built of basaltic stones, some of which were of great size, and nicely adjusted together without cement, according to their natural fractures. Within the walls, which were massive and high, were the houses of the priests and the shrines where were deposited the most sacred images. Each chief of importance had his family temple, around which had grown up villages, to accommodate himself and retainers in their periodical visits to this upland region.

For a month previous to the wreck, many thousands of the islanders had been gathered under their chiefs to engage in their annual athletic games. Their principal object was, however, to celebrate the festival of Lono. Now Lono was one of those mythic beings so common in America and Polynesia, who in ages long gone by, after having done many notable things for the benefit of their fellow men, disappear like Moses in some inexplicable manner, leaving behind them a memory always green, and a sort of implied promise to return with greater benefits in store. Indeed, heroes of this character appear amid much traditionary fog, in the youth of almost all nations. In this instance, Lono had killed his wife in a fit of jealousy, instigated by a Hawaiian Iago out of malice equal to the Venetian's. Love's reaction and contrition drove him frantic.



After founding games in honor of his victim, he put out to sea in an oddly shaped canoe, — so the tradition runs, — promising to return some future day with many good things to enhance his welcome. Whether it was from love to him, or from faith in the expected increase of comforts and riches, that they so venerated his memory, I am at this day unable to say, but certain it is that a more popular god did not exist in Hawaii. His festival was therefore celebrated with peculiar unction.

On this occasion it had been honored with unusual solemnity, on account of the presence of the most powerful and best beloved chief of this island, whose territory embraced the fertile bay where the caravel went ashore.

It was the custom on the most sacred festivals to enforce perfect silence from man and beast during certain rites. While the festival lasted, peace was universal, property respected, and under the solemn influence of the magic “tabu,” human law and police seemed unnecessary; for there was implied in this simple word, if but its spirit were infringed, all the awful judgments, both temporal and supernatural, that the imagination could conceive, and even more, for the very uncertainty of the fate which was to attend its violation, added tenfold force to its terrors. The simple symbol, therefore, which denoted the application of the tabu to any object, carried with it a power such as no civilized code ever exercised, and which the tortures of the Inquisition failed to establish.

The word tabu, as applied to religious matters,

was a ritual in itself. Hence when the high-priest set apart a certain time as tabu to Lono, the entire population knew what ceremonies were to be performed, and what was expected of each of them. During the present holidays it had been specially enjoined that the valley in which Kiana, a descendant of Lono and the supreme chief of more than half of Hawaii, resided, should be tabu from man and all domestic animals. For one month, profound silence was to rest upon it. Consequently, the inhabitants left for the uplands, taking with them every animal and fowl which they owned. It was owing to this tabu that Alvirez, when he explored the valley, met with such complete stillness amid all the outward signs of active life.

The very day, therefore, that Alvirez had so freely taken possession of the chief's own quarters, Kiana with his people were on their march homeward. This chief, as is the aristocracy in general of Hawaii, was of commanding stature, some six feet six inches in height, finely proportioned, with round elastic limbs; not over muscular or too sinewy, like the North American Indian, but full, with a soft smooth skin and a bright olive complexion, which was not so dark, but that the blood at times deepened the color thereon. His face was strikingly handsome, being, like his body, of that happy medium between womanly softness and the more rugged development of manly strength, which indicates a well harmonized physical structure. In repose, one feared to see him move, lest the beauty of outline would be destroyed; but when in action, with his muscles quiv-

ering with a hidden fire, his dark eyes flashing light, the full nostril of his race and rich sensual lip expanded with excitement, there was about him much that recalled the Apollo, particularly in the light step and eager haughty expression. His strength was prodigious. He had been known in battle, having broken his javelin, to seize an enemy by the leg and neck, and break his spine by a blow across his knees. Fierce he undoubtedly was to his foes, but there were in all his actions a pervading manliness and generosity, joined to a winning demeanor, which stamped him as one of nature's gentlemen. No rival of his tribe disputed his authority, because all felt safer and better under his rule. By moral influence, rather than by force, all the other chiefs of this portion of Hawaii looked to him as their leader and umpire; so that without any of the dubious treaties and forms of a confederated government, they had all the advantages of one, while each remained free within his own territorial confines.

By nature humane, Kiana had infused into their general policy and domestic life a more liberal spirit towards inferiors, and a less servile feeling towards the priesthood. He held the latter, in general, in small esteem, perceiving how much they were disposed to corrupt the simplest power of nature into a hideous mythology, based upon fear and superstition, to the intent to enrich themselves at the expense of the people. As he also inherited the office of high-priest, his influence was the more effective, inasmuch as he set the example of neglecting all the requirements of their pagan ritual which

were cruel or oppressive, while the games and festivals, which tended to develop their physical powers and give them amusements, or to lighten their general labors, were sedulously cared for. His people were therefore happy and prosperous, and, at the date of this tale, exhibited an agreeable picture of a race blessed with a salubrious climate, a soil ample for all their simple wants, living almost patriarchally under a beloved chief, whose more intelligent mind, by example rather than argument, had influenced them to a form of idolatry which in its offerings of only fruits of the earth, to its symbolized phenomena or the images of departed men once venerated for their moral worth, in some degree connected their souls through refining influences with the Great Maker.

In closing the festival, the procession was formed with great state and solemnity, preparatory to its final departure from the sacred plain. First came a thousand men in regular files, armed with swords of sharks' teeth and slings. Each had a laurel wreath on his head, and a tapa mantle of bright red thrown loosely over his shoulders. This corps led the way to the noise of rude drums and other barbarous music. Behind them marched a more numerous body in detached companies, armed with javelins and spears, and a species of wooden mace, which, dexterously used, becomes a formidable weapon. In addition, each man carried a dagger of the same material, from sixteen inches to two feet long. All wore helmets of wicker work, shaped like the Grecian casque and covered with

various colored feathers. These helmets in connection with their bright war cloaks, gave to the whole array a classical look not unworthy of the heroic days of Greece. The appearance of the men was martial, and their step firm and regular.

In the centre of their array there was a selected corps of one hundred young chiefs, armed with still better weapons. Their costume was also much richer than that of the common men. They wore scarlet feather cloaks and helmets. Conspicuous amid them, borne upon a litter hung about with crimson drapery, sat Kiana. His helmet was surmounted by a graceful crest from which lightly floated a plume taken from the long and beautiful feathers of the tropic bird. Both the helmet and his war cloak were made of brilliant yellow feathers, so small and delicate as to appear like scales of gold. These two articles were the richest treasures in the regalia of Hawaii. The birds from which the feathers are obtained,—one only from under each wing,—are found solely in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains and ensnared with great difficulty. Nearly one hundred and fifty years, or nine generations of Kiana's ancestors had been occupied in collecting a sufficient number to make this truly regal helmet and cloak. This was the first occasion he had had to display them. He bore himself in consequence even more royally than ever before; for savage though he was, the pride of ancestry and the trappings of power warmed his blood as fully as if he had been a civilized ruler.

Immediately behind him was borne a colossal

image of Lono. It was carved with greater skill than common, and surrounded by a company of white-robed priests, chanting the "mele" or hymn, which had been composed upon his disappearance. At particular parts the whole people joined with a melancholy refrain, that gave a living interest to the story, and showed how forcible was the hold it had upon their imaginations. On either side of Kiana, were twelve men of immense size and strength, naked to their waist-cloths, two by two, bearing the "*kahilis*," as were called the insignia of his rank. These were formed of scarlet feathers, thickly set, in the shape of a plume, of eighteen inches diameter, about ten feet high, and tipped to the depth of a foot with yellow feathers. With the handles, which were encircled with alternate rings of ivory or tortoise-shell, their entire height was twenty feet. As they towered and waved above the multitude, they conveyed an idea of state and grandeur inferior to nothing of the kind that has ever graced the ceremonies of the white man.

The women of his household followed close to the chief. Their aristocratic birth and breeding were manifest in their corpulency and haughty bearing. To exaggerate their size,—which was partly a criterion of noble blood,—they had swelled their waists with voluminous folds of gaudy cloths, under the pressure of which, added to their own bulk, they waddled rather than walked. Helped by young and active attendants, their pace was, however, equal to the slow progress of the procession.

A numerous retinue of their own sex, bearing their tokens of rank, fans, fly-brushes, spittoons, sun-screens, and lighter articles of clothing, waited upon them. Some of these young women were gracefully formed, fair and voluptuous, with pleasant features, without any excess of flesh. In contrast with their mistresses, they might have been considered as beauties, as, indeed, they were the belles of Hawaii. Small, soft hands, delicate and tapering fingers, satin-like in their touch and gentle and pleasant to the shake, were common among all.



The women in general were a laughing, merry

set, prone to affection, finery, and sensuous enjoyment. But the lower orders were workers in the fullest sense, the men being their task-masters, treating them as an inferior caste by imposing upon their sex arbitrary distinctions in their food, domestic privileges, duties, and even religious rites, so that their social condition was wantonly degraded. Yet females were admitted to power and often held the highest rank.

Besides this state there was a vast throng of attendants carrying burdens, or driving before them their domestic animals. The families of the soldiery followed the procession, in irregular masses, as it defiled from the plain into the valleys that led towards the coast. In advancing, its numbers gradually lessened by the departure of warriors, and minor chiefs with their retainers, for their respective destinations. With the exception of those immediately about Kiana, all order of march soon ceased, and the crowd spread themselves over hill and valley shouting and jeering, in their good-natured hurry to reach their homes. The fowls cackled, the dogs barked. The swine with ominous grunts charged in all directions, upsetting impartially owners and neighbors, amid the laughter and cheers of the lookers on. Children grew doubly mischievous in the turmoil, running hither and thither, with frantic cries, pushing and crowding each other over rocks into the rapid streams, in which they were as much at home as the fishes. They tripped up their heavily laden parents in their gambols about their footsteps, dodging the quick blow in return

with the slipperiness of eels, or repaying with equally noisy coin the threats of future floggings, which they well knew would be forgotten over the first meal. The more sedate vented their enthusiasm in deep toned songs, which, as they swelled into full chorus, filled the air with a wild music, in keeping with the scene. In forest and grove the birds listened and replied in musical notes that thrilled sweetly on the ear amid the medley of sounds. Nature was awake to the scene. From every tree and rock, out of each dell and off each hill-top, there came voices to mingle in the general jubilee. The mountain breezes poured their anthems in joyous harmony through branch and leaf. Buds and blossoms bowing before balmy airs, shook out their fragrance. Cascades sparkled and leaped, foamed and roared in the bright sun. Rivulets, looking in the distance like silver threads, stole with soothing murmurs along the plains, while the startled wild fowl with defiant note fled deeper into the forest or skulked closer in the thicket as the living current swept by.

While all was thus life and motion in the uplands, the solitude of the sea coast remained as described in the last chapter. Alvirez and his party had disposed themselves for the night as best suited their individual convenience. There was no lack of accommodation or retirement. Each might have selected a village to himself, but they all remained within the enclosure where we left them. Juan and Beatriz occupied the principal house. Olmedo chose one near, and the good

man was soon dreaming of his early Castilian cell. Tolta watched long and late, and then stretched himself, mastiff-like, upon a mat at the threshold of the house in which Beatriz slept. The three seamen, after sundry explorations, which seemed to give them small satisfaction, cursed their luck in being wrecked on a land which had not even copper, much less gold or silver, in short, anything whatever which came up to their ideas of spoil, and closing their eyes, muttered their discontent even in their sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

“How often events, by chance and unexpectedly come to pass, which you had not dared even to hope for.”

TERENCE.

NIGHT came and went; when morning broke, the same stillness rested on the valley. All of its guests still slept the deep sleep of fatigue, except Tolta, who had thought he heard at intervals distant sounds that fell mockingly upon his ear for a moment, and then died away into profound silence. Cautiously he had listened and peered into the deep shadows of hill and forest, but had detected nothing. As often, however, as he had sunk again into restless slumber, the same strange sounds came to him. The air seemed filled with them; voices and laughter, the tramp of feet and cries of animals, yet so vague and intermingled, that at last he fancied there was a spell upon the valley; that its inhabitants had all perished by demoniacal violence, and unseen by mortal eyes, during the night, came back to haunt their late homes.

This solution of the mystery was not calculated to reassure him, and he became more restless than before. Visions of his native land mingled themselves with the phantom forms and sounds which disturbed his slumbers. His imagination vibrated

between joy and fear, without a moment's pause to give him rest. Gradually, however, as morning twilight came up over the hill tops, he fancied he detected shadowy outlines of men, sharp against the horizon, passing rapidly into the gloom further down. His terrors were then realized. He saw the ghosts that had so disturbed his slumbers fleeing before the coming day, and he shuddered as with a grave-chill.

A cock suddenly crowed afar off. Tolta started as if the trumpet of Cortez had sounded in his ears. His blood tingled once more in his veins. Another and another crow, nearer and nearer; the morning air is suddenly filled with their rival notes. A dog barks! Scores of dogs' throats open in reply. Human voices are now distinctly heard. Groups of men, women, and children, can be plainly seen descending into the valley from the wooded uplands. He watches their motions, half doubting his own senses. A band orderly marching approaches the enclosure. He sees among them the sharp array of lances, and the brilliant colors of feathered casques and cloaks. They recall to him the warriors of Mexico, and he exults in their martial tread and warlike aspect. His first impulse is to rush forward and greet them. "Now shall Spanish blood again be shed, and their false hearts quiver on the altars of Mexico's war-god! Here in this teocalli, shall the incense so sweet to Huitzilpoteli's nostrils once more ascend;" and in his dreamy excitement he rushed forward as if to strike the serpent-skin drum, whose terrible signal had so

often been the death-warrant to his country's invaders.

Shall Beatriz die this death? No sooner did she occur to him, than his fierceness passed away like a spent surge. All other emotions were lost in the desire to protect her. Stepping quietly inside the house, he woke Juan and motioned him to follow.

As they passed out and looked over the parapet, they saw considerable stir among the warriors. They were coming towards them at great speed, and evidently with no friendly intent. Their leader had caught sight of Tolta as he left the wall to awaken Juan, and indignant at what he supposed a violation of the tabu, by one of his people, ordered them to surround the enclosure, so as to prevent the possibility of escape, while he with a few followers ascended by the narrow stone steps, that he might slay the sacrilegious wretch with his own hand.

By the time Kiana — for it was he — had nearly reached the platform, Juan had arrived at the gate-way, and at a glance took in his whole position.

“Tonatiuh can now strike the infidel,” said Tolta with sarcastic emphasis, as he recalled Juan’s unwise speech of the day before, at the same time pointing to Kiana, whose rapid strides would in another instant bring him in front of Alvirez. The Mexican then re-entered the house to warn Beatriz of their new danger.

Juan had too often encountered as fearful odds,

in his Mexican campaigns, to lose his presence of mind in a crisis like this. He called to his men to come to his succor, as he prepared to hold the gateway against his foes, and shouting his accustomed battle-cry, drew his long Toledo blade, and advanced it in guard to await Kiana's onset.

This chief in his rush up the steps had not fairly lifted his eyes until the shout of "Santiago for Spain" reached his ears. His astonishment at the apparition of the white man, — the gleaming steel, fierce eyes, thick red beard and strange tongue, the costume so unlike his people's, — instead of the expected tawny hue of his own race, brought him to a sudden stop. It was but for a moment, for, excited by his previous fury at a crime so uncommon among his people, he saw only an offender who seemed aided by sorcery, and rushed at him with uplifted javelin, reserving his force to strike and not to throw. So sudden and powerful was his spring, that although Juan's sword parried the blow, he was borne backward, and Kiana found himself on the platform.

Both paused as they now better saw each other's strength and strangeness. Kiana's surprise was increased as Juan's men, followed by Olmedo with crucifix in hand, came hastily up and ranged themselves at his side. His own soldiers were fast crowding upon the platform, filled with wonder rather than fear, at so unexpected a sight. At his command they were filing off to surround Juan's little band, and close in upon them, while he upraised his javelin, prepared once more to tempt the

skill of his strange enemy. His right foot was advanced, his broad chest thrown out and weapon poised to try again the thrust, which had never before failed him, when a new cry was heard and a new figure came forward and sprung between him and Alvirez.

It was Beatriz. Her long flowing robes, dishevelled hair, her pallor and the impulsive energy with which she pushed aside Juan's sword, and turned her eager eyes towards Kiana, fearlessly fronting his javelin, amazed the red-men. Their weapons dropped silently by their sides, as their chief gazed in astonishment with powerless arm upon the new apparition.

Kiana's indecision was, however, only momentary. A sudden thought had seized him. Turning to his followers he said, "Behold Lono and his wife! they have returned with their faces brightened, and their speech changed, from their abode in the sun. They have come as Lono promised, with new teachers and good gifts. Let us honor them and make them welcome." As he spoke every weapon was laid upon the earth, and every head was bowed. Kiana alone stood erect, asserting his dignity even in the presence of a returned god.

Whatever his native sense might have suggested in regard to the origin of the group before him, his sagacity in turning the ideas of his people into their present channel, was safety to the one side, and direct benefit to himself. He recognized at once a superiority in their armor and habiliments, which evinced a knowledge far beyond that of his own

people. They could be useful to him in many ways. Naturally humane and generous, after his first anger had cooled, he would not have harmed a hair of their heads. On the contrary, he and his people, had they found them helpless on the shore, would have tenderly received them. Now that he saw the tabu had not been violated, but that so far from sacrilege, an event had occurred that appeared to all miraculous, and confirmatory of the traditions of his ancestry, he determined to receive the strangers as his own kin, while he confirmed in the minds of his people the belief in their divinity. As the common Hawaiian's idea of a god was of a being not more removed from him in power and intelligence than was the white man, this was an easy affair.

Accordingly he gave orders that they should be provided with suitable retinues and lands, and servants assigned to them as of his own family.

His decision was proclaimed by the public heralds. Great were the rejoicings and shouts throughout the valley, that Lono and his wife had come back and were to protect them from their enemies, and enrich them by new arts and gifts. The simple people believed and prostrated themselves deferentially before Juan and Beatriz. Their persons and those of the others were tabued or made sacred. No follower of Kiana's dared lift his hand toward them, except to do them service or honor. The change from the peril of immediate massacre, to being worshipped as divine personages, was so striking, that while they realized its advantages,

they could not, before they had acquired the easy tongue of Hawaii, fully comprehend its cause. The seamen, however, readily domesticated themselves, taking wives, and were soon placed on the footing of petty chiefs.

CHAPTER VII.

“In countless upward-stirring waves
The moon-drawn tide-wave strives :
In thousand far-transplanted grafts
The parent fruit survives ;
So in the new-born millions,
The perfect Adam lies.
Not less are Summer mornings dear
To every child they wake,
And each with novel-life his sphere
Fills for his proper sake.”

EMERSON.

A YEAR had passed. There was no iron on the island, consequently no means of building a vessel, which could carry the exiles back to Mexico. Their only hope lay in the possibility that some caravel, equipped as theirs had been for discovery, might sight Hawaii and explore its coasts. But this hope was so faint as rarely to form a theme of discussion ; so they wisely identified themselves with the interests and welfare of their generous host, whose kindness and confidence grew with their stay.

Kiana and Juan became firm friends. The former had long since learned the origin and history of the shipwrecked party, as indeed had the more intelligent among his chiefs, but their superior knowledge, and the polite deference of the nobles towards them, continued to keep them in the same sacred relation to the common people as at first. This was the more useful, that it gave to their efforts to instruct them the sanction of religion.

To properly understand the condition of the people under the government of Kiana, it will be necessary to go more into detail. I have already observed, that their climate and soil combined that happy medium of salubrity and fertility, which gave ample returns in health and harvests, but did not dispense with care and labor. Hence, they were an active and industrious race. Nature was indeed a loving, considerate mother to them. As yet no noxious reptiles or insects infested the land; ferocious animals were equally unknown; storms were so rare as scarcely to be ever thought of, while the temperature was so even, that their language had no term to express the various changes and conditions of physical comfort or discomfort, we combine into the word weather. This, of course, was a sad loss to conversation, but no doubt a compensation for lack of this prolific topic existed somehow in their domestic circles.



The households of the chiefs were in one sense almost patriarchally constructed. "My people" had a meaning as significant as upon a slave plantation in America, with the difference that here they were only transferred with the soil. They were literally "my people;" and as with all purely despotic institutions, their welfare depended mainly upon the character of their lords.

In some respects there existed a latitude of deportment between the chiefs and their serfs, which gave rise to a certain degree of social equality. This freedom of manner is common to that state of society in which the actual gulf between the different classes is irrevocably fixed. It grows out of protection on the one hand and dependence on the other. On Hawaii there existed a partial community of property; for although all that the serf possessed belonged to his lord, yet he had the use and improvement of the property in his charge, and besides certain direct interests in it, was protected by what might be termed their "common law." The chief was both executive and judiciary, as obtains in all rude society. Self-interest became a powerful incentive to humanity, because cruelty or injustice towards his tenantry was a direct injury to his own property, and a provocation to desert his lands. There was also the family bond, derived from direct intermingling of blood, the perpetuity of estates and the familiarity of personal intercourse between the chiefs and their dependents, fortified by a condition of society that knew no contrasts to this state. The lack of other commerce than barter

and a partial feudal system, which required the people not only to furnish their own arms, but upon all occasions to follow their lords to the field, helped to develop this social union of extremes.

All lands were in reality held in fief of the supreme chief. His will was in the main the code of law, and indeed the religious creed; that is, the ultimate appeal in all questions was vested in him. But public opinion, based upon old habits and certain intuitive convictions of right and justice common to all mankind, held even him in check; so that while rarely attempting any forcible violation of what was understood to be the universal custom, he had it in his power indirectly to modify the laws and belief of his people. While to some extent the spirit of the clan existed, giving rise to devotion and attachments similar to those recorded of the Highlanders of Scotland, there prevailed more extensively the servile feeling common to Oriental despotism. Numerous retainers of every grade and rank surrounded each chief, forming courts with as varied and as positive an etiquette as those of Europe or Asia. The most trivial necessity was dignified into an office. Thus there were "pipe lighters," masters of the pipe as they might be called, masters of the spittoon, of the plumes or "kahilis," and so on, while there was no lack of idle clients, the "bosom friends" of the chief, his boon companions, buffoons, pimps and every other parasitical condition in which the individual merges his own identity into the caprices or policy of his ruler, or by deceit, flattery, or superior address, seeks to advance his own selfishness at the general expense.

In this arrangement the analogy to the courts of Europe is so evident as to form a striking satire upon them. Here we find amid petty, semi-naked tribes, the same masters and mistresses of royal robes and other useless paraphernalia; the same abject crowd of parasites quarrelling and intriguing for honors and riches they are too lazy or dishonest rightfully to earn; the same degrading etiquette which exalts a knowledge of its absurdities above all morality, and imposes penalties upon its infringement, not bestowed upon crime itself: in fine, a parody of all that in European monarchies tends to make human nature base and contemptible.

Justice, however, requires me to state, that while the vices of the systems were allied, their virtues were no less in common. Despotism corrupts the many, but there are a choice few in all aristocracies who receive power and homage only as in deposit for the public good. Its conditions are favorable to their moral growth, when perhaps the rugged necessities of life, in conflicts of equality, would dwarf their souls to the common level of material wants or selfish interests. Besides these exceptions, as familiar to savage as to civilized life, because founded not upon acquired knowledge, but upon natural instincts, the very superiority of position begets desire for superior manners and external advantages. Thus we find in not a few of the privileged orders, rare politeness and outward polish, and a chivalric loyalty to the institution of titled aristocracy, as if in partaking of its birthright, it brought with it a loftier and more refined standard of feeling and action than that of the masses.



A SACRIFICIAL FEAST.

The best of food was reserved for the nobles. Their houses, bathing places, and domestic utensils, were tabu from vulgar use. They even used a language or courtly dialect unintelligible to their subjects. Their deportment was based upon the innate consciousness of mental superiority and long inherited authority. Rank was derived from the mother as the only certain fountain of ancestry. In size and dignity of personal carriage they were conspicuous from the crowd. In short, the difference was so marked in Hawaii between the chief and his serf, as to suggest to a superficial observer the idea of two distinct races.

Hospitality was a common virtue. There was no beggary, as there was no need of begging, for the simple wants of the natives were easily supplied. The poorest man never refused food to his worst enemy, should he enter his house and demand it. Indeed so freely were presents made, that the absolute law of "meum and tuum," as it exists among commercial races, with its progeny of judges and gaols, locks and fetters, had with them scarcely a defined meaning. Where there was so much trust and generosity, any violation of them met with prompt and severe retribution. Theft was visited upon the offender by the injured party, even if the weaker, by the seizure of every movable article belonging to him. In this wild justice they were sustained by the whole population. If the property of a high chief suffered, the thief was sometimes placed in an old canoe, bound hand and foot, and set adrift upon the ocean.

Kiana's people were wealthy in their simple way. His reign was the golden age of Hawaii. This was owing mainly to his own character, which took delight in the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. No lands were so well cultivated as his. No rents were more ample or more cheerfully paid. His people had easy access to him. In their labors as in their sports he often mingled. If at times he was hasty or severe, it was owing rather to the quickened indignation of offended justice than to selfish passion.

A very striking reform in the rites if not in the principles of their religion had been peacefully brought about by him. In general, the savage mind is more influenced by fear than by love; that is, it seeks by worship to avoid harm from natural objects, which from ignorance of their laws he considers to be evil spirits, rather than to do homage to those whose direct beneficence is readily recognized. But Kiana, like Manco Capac with the Peruvians, taught them a less slavish ritual. Instead of sacrifices of animals to deities whose attributes solely inspired dread, he led them to rejoice in the bounteous seasons, the vivifying sun, the winds that refreshed their bodies, and the clouds that watered their thirsty soil. He taught them that the waters that bore them so pleasantly from island to island, were much more to be regarded lovingly, than the devouring shark with superstitious fear. Thus without fully, or perhaps in any degree recognizing the principles of the One God, the people were led more into harmony with those of his

works, which were suggestive of good and kind attributes, which they symbolized in idols, to which they offered chiefly the fruits of the earth. They were indeed idolaters, because their minds seldom, if ever, separated the image from the ideas, but it was an idolatry that made them cheerful and truthful, and not gloomy and cruel.

Contented under their government, reposing on their religion, these islanders presented a picture of happiness, which, if we consider only the peaceful, joyous flow of the material life, we might well envy. They had no money to beget avarice, or to excite to the rivalries and dishonesties of trade. There were no more prosperous territories and bounteous soils for them to covet by arms; none of superior force to make them afraid. Their diet was simple, and their diseases few. They had nothing to fear from famine, weather, noxious animals, or poisonous insects. Their unbounded hospitality kept want from even the idler,—their agricultural games and fisheries gave ample scope for their physical energies, while their numerous festivals, the songs of the bards, and traditions and speeches of their historians and orators kept alive a national spirit, which made them proud of their origin and their country.

All their myths were connected with the great phenomena of nature, with which their island was so pregnant. Hence in their minds there was a certain grandeur of sentiment, as well as loftiness of expression and suggestive imagery, that imbued them with the more elevating influences of the

great nature around them. Then their joyous dances, particularly graceful and spirited among the children, though too expressive, perhaps, in action and words of the sensual instincts with the adults, caused the gayety of their sunny skies and the passionate enjoyments of their rare climate to come home to them with a fulness of sympathy that made them truly the children of material Nature. They danced, they sang, they sported, and they feasted, as if the present hour had had no predecessor, and was to see no successor. If they labored, it was that they might enjoy. In all their exercises, whether of amusement, religion or work, the requirements of the chiefs, or the necessities of their families, there was a renunciation of all but the present moment, mingled with so full a sense of sportive humor, that no civilized spectator



could have looked unmoved upon their sensuous happiness, however much he might moralize upon its affinity to mere animal life.

If they ever thought of death, it was merely as a change to a world where their enjoyments would be still more complete. At the worst their spirits would only wander about their earthly abodes, vexed at the sight of pleasures which they could no longer participate in. The general idea the serfs had of heaven, was of some place specially given to the chiefs, into which if they entered at all, it was in the same servile and distinct relation to them as on earth. Perhaps one great cause of their contentment sprung from their implicit acquiescence in the power and privileges of their rulers, as of beings too vastly their superiors to admit even for a moment of any equality of fate or aspirations in either life.

Such in brief were the character and condition of the race among which Alvirez and his party were now domesticated, and to all appearance for life. There was much to reconcile them to their new position, as will be shown, and especially in the peaceful contrast their present homes presented to the crime and devastation which had been their experience in Mexico. True, there was no gold. But what need of gold, when all it represents was provided without price? After their long experience of perils and hardships, to the seamen their present lives seemed planted in Eden. An occasional affray with some distant tribe that sought to spoil their more fortunate countryman under Ki-

ana's rule, gave them opportunities to exercise their courage for the benefit of their new friends. The reputation which they soon established, and the supernatural character with which they continued in some degree, still to be regarded, especially at a distance, contributed much towards keeping the frontiers quiet. Juan and Kiana, according to Hawaiian custom, exchanged names, by which in friendship, power and property, they were viewed as one. But the better to appreciate the true position of each in reference to their new life, we must trace their individual experiences.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Earth, our bright home its mountains and its waters,
And the ethereal shapes which are suspended
O’er its expanse, and those fair daughters,
The clouds, of Sun and Ocean who have blended
The colors of the air since first extended,
It cradled the young world ”

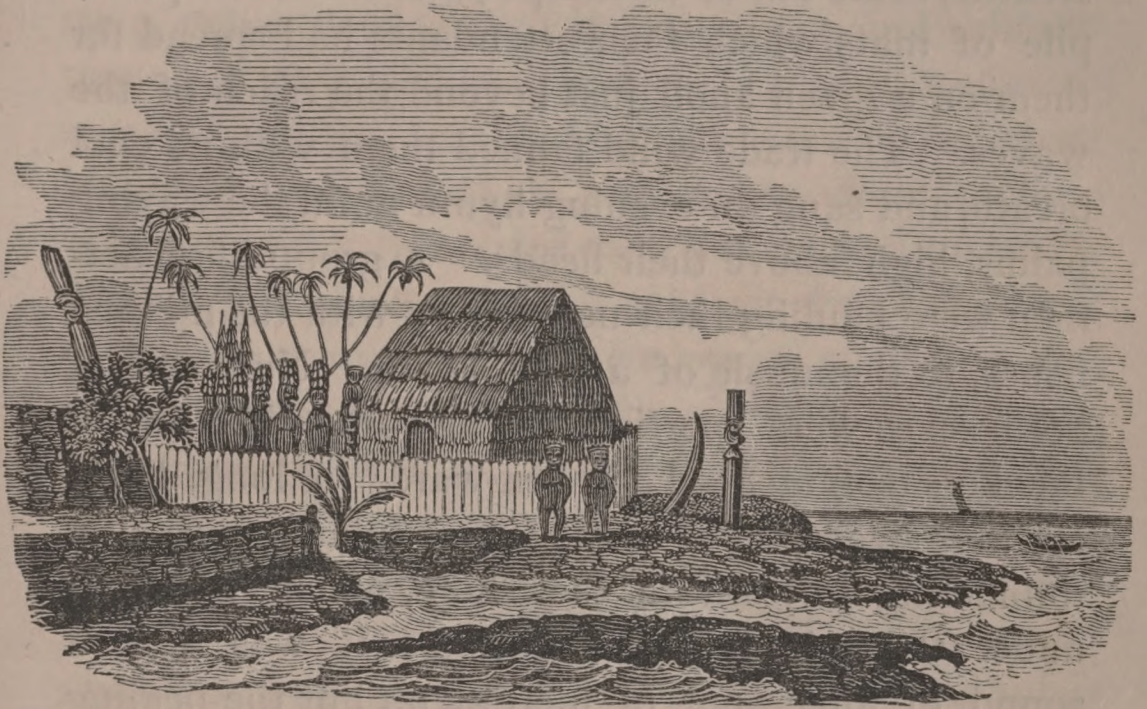
SHELLEY.

OLMEDO had not been idle during the year in his labors to convert the islanders to his faith. Nor was he without a certain degree of success, though very far from having instilled into them any definite ideas of Christianity. Indeed, strange as it may appear at the first statement, there was in the rites he wished to supersede so much analogy with those he wished to introduce, that the substitution was not easily effected. Juan, in his martial zeal for the Roman Catholic faith, would gladly have used the same arguments here as in Mexico; that is, have destroyed the idols, purified the temples, and set up crucifixes and new images, which only they should worship, whether persuaded or not of their religious efficacy. For once, however, Spanish zeal was obliged to be tempered with a respect for the force which was not now on their side. It must be confessed, also, that the easy, seductive

life he had led, the absence of the worst features of heathenism, and the generous character and shrewdness of Kiana, had not a little weakened Juan's fanaticism ; so that, although conforming sufficiently to the ritual of his faith to keep himself within the pale of his church's salvation, he had almost unconsciously imbibed the idea that some even of the virtues of Christianity might exist among pagans.

Within the walled enclosure in which Juan and his sister resided, overlooking the sea, Olmedo had built a small chapel. The rude images which native ingenuity under his direction had carved to represent the Virgin and her Son, were not so unlike their own wooden deities, as to require anything more than an enlargement of their mythology, for the simple natives to have accepted them as their own. This of course would have been only adding to the sin which Olmedo wished to eradicate. The good man, however, persevered in his rites and doctrines, and had the satisfaction to have numbers of the chiefs and their attendants come to witness his worship. Among them most frequently was Kiana, but as his eyes were oftener directed towards kneeling Beatriz, than the holy symbols of the altar, it is to be presumed that another motive beside religious conviction swayed his heart. He saw that the crucifix and the images of the gods of the white man, as he regarded them, were very dear to them. Out of respect, therefore, to his guests, in unconscious philosophical imitation of Alexander Severus, when he placed statues of Abra-

ham and Christ among his revered images, Kiana had set up the crucifix in his domestic pantheon. How far he understood the teachings of Olmedo may be gathered from one of their not unfrequent colloquies upon religion.



Mass had just been said. Olmedo had trained some of the more tractable youths to assist him in the service, which they did the more willingly, from perceiving that it gave them a personal importance to be considered of the household of Lono. The solemn chant of the priest in a strange and sonorous tongue, the regular responses of the Spaniards, and their thorough devotion, the simple exhortations to a good life, which all present could comprehend, followed by the earnest eloquence of Olmedo, as he sought to expound in the Hawaiian tongue the mysteries of a faith which it had no terms correctly to render, all made an impressive scene. Their

hearts were touched even when their minds were not enlightened.

It was the decline of day. The sun was pouring a flood of soft light over the sea, which sparkled as with the radiance of an opal. Kiana, Olmedo, and Beatriz, came out of the chapel, and reclined upon a pile of mats which their attendants had spread for them on a green knoll just beyond the reach of the waves. The trade wind fanned them with its cool breath, and sang an evening hymn amid the waving palms, high above their heads. A group of fishermen were hauling their nets, heavy with the meshed fishes, to the music of a wild chant. Numbers of both sexes were sporting in the surf. The line of breakers commenced far sea-ward, in long, lofty, curling swells, that came in regular succession thundering onward to the shore, which trembled under the mighty reverberation. It was not a sound of anger, nor of merriment, but the pealing forth of Nature's mightiest organ, in deep-toned notes of praise. There was much in the commingled glories of sound and color, the beauty of the shore, and the expanse of the ocean, to suggest an Infinite Author to the most thoughtless mind.

Human life and happiness mingle largely with the scene. The bathers shout and gambol in the water as if in their native element. The maidens and boys,—with their parents, who in the frolic become children also,—dive under the huge combers as one after another they break and foam on their way to the shore. Heads with flowing tresses and laughing eyes are continually shooting

up through the yeast of waters with merry cries, then ducking again to escape the quick coming wave. Rising beyond it, each plunge carries them further seaward, till with their surf-boards they reach the line of deep water. Then poising their boards on the very crests of the heaviest rollers, they throw themselves flat upon them, and skilfully keeping their position just on its edge before it topples and breaks, they are borne with the speed of race horses towards the shore. Now is their highest glee. In revelry they scream and toss their dark arms, which strikingly contrast with the silvery gleaming wave, urging their ocean steeds to still more headlong haste. They near the rocks. Another instant, and of their gaysome forms nothing will remain but mangled flesh and broken bones. But no: the wave passes from under them, and dashes its salt spray upon the land barrier, and far away among the green bushes; the surf board is cast with violence upon the shore, but the active swimmers avoid the shock, by sliding at the latest moment from their boards and diving seaward, again emerge, challenging each other once more to mount Neptune's car.

A more quiet scene is at the left. Here flows a gentle stream, overhung with deep foliage. On its banks, to the beating of drums and the quick



chants of the musicians, young children are dancing. They wear wreaths of white or scarlet flowers, intermingled with deep green leaves, on their heads; and on their bosoms are necklaces of bright shells or finely braided hair, and feather mantles about their waists. They are yet too young to feel other instincts than the gladsome and chaste impulses which are shown in light and graceful motions. Even the groups of adults seated on the grass, watching with interest their sports, reflect their innocent gayety, and become for the moment young and innocent themselves.



In the stream itself, mothers are teaching their infants to swim. Their love for the water is apparent in every struggle. They take to it like ducklings, and almost as soon as they can walk they can be trusted alone in that element. Now they turn their smiling faces towards their parents, and kick and cry for one more plash and still another; the delighted mother encouraging its attempts with soothing voice and tender care.

Such was the spectacle on which Kiana and his

friends were gazing, after leaving the chapel and seating themselves by the sea-shore.

That day Olmedo had in his discourse dwelt more earnestly than usual upon the doctrines of his creed, with the hope finally to induce Kiana to cast aside his mythology and accept the Roman Catholic Trinity. Here, indeed, was the stumbling-block. How could Olmedo hope to make an idea, which was in a great degree contradictory and incomprehensible even to many of the cultivated and theological minds of Europe, intelligible to the simple reason of the Polynesian, when by the former it was at least only received as a great mystery!

“You tell me,” said Kiana, “that there is one great God, who made heaven and earth, an all-wise, all-perfect, all-powerful Being. He has created the Hawaiian, the Spaniard, the Mexican, and all the races of men. I know this to be true. My people worship the wooden images of deities, and think they supply their wants. But those of us who have been taught the true meaning of our sacred songs, know full well that these senseless idols cannot make the taro grow,—they do not send us rain,—neither do they bestow life, nor health. My thought has always been, there is one only Great God dwelling in the heavens.”

“Your thought is indeed right,” replied Olmedo; “but God many years ago, seeing how wicked the world was, sent his only-begotten Son to teach it true religion. He was cruelly crucified by the people to whom he was sent, and he went up to heaven, where he remains to be the judge and Sa-

viour of all men. After his ascension, he sent to his disciples, to comfort them, the Holy Ghost. Now these three persons are one God,—the God whom we Christians worship. All your images are vain idols; cast them aside, and set up in their places the image of the Son, Jesus Christ, and his holy mother, of whom he was born in the flesh, by the will of God, without a human father. Then shall you and your people be saved.”

Had Olmedo been content to have acquiesced in the simple conception of the One God, he would have had little difficulty in persuading Kiana and his people to renounce the direct worship of idols, and to trust in and pray to the Great Father. There was something in their minds that made this idea seem not wholly new to them. This was derived in part from the mystic expressions of their bards, who had dimly felt this sublime truth, and in the testimony of the universal heart of the human race, which ultimately resolves all things into One Great Cause, however much it may overshadow his glory and pervert his attributes, by multiplying the symbols of natural powers, and make to itself “graven images” of earthly passions and foibles. But when Olmedo talked dogmatically of the “Three in One,” he left only a vague impression, that he worshipped either “three male gods and one female, which made four,” or that there were absolutely three equal gods, which in time they called “Kane, Kaneloa, and Maui.”

CHAPTER IX.

“The rounded world is fair to see, |
Nine times folded in mystery,
Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its laboring heart,
Throbs thine with Nature’s throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west,
Spirit that lurks each form within,
Beckons to spirit of its kin.
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes.”

EMERSON.

THE good missionary, for such in truth was Olmedo, was met at every step of his argument with answers, which from their truth and good sense, he found no little difficulty in refuting, while he drew his weapons solely from the polemic armory of Rome. It matters little in what theological crucible the doctrines of Jesus may have been melted, they all become, after the process, perverted from their simplicity. They then require schools to sustain them and scholars to explain. Whereas in the few earnest and loving words of their Author, before they are petrified into creeds, they find their way readily into the hearts and minds of even children. Indeed properly to receive them we must become as little children. The polemical subtleties

of REASON are wholly foreign to him who did WORKS in his Father's name, that they might bear witness of Him.

As often, therefore, as Olmedo sought merely to indoctrinate Kiana, he was met with replies founded on assumptions of the same character as his own, or on the admission of similar ideas and ceremonies among the Hawaiians, which from their analogy to the rites and thoughts of his own church, a more bigoted Roman Catholic missionary of that day would have accounted for, only by the blinding devices of the devil. But Olmedo's mind was so largely imbued with true charity, that recognizing a common brotherhood in man, he was prepared to admit that even the heathen were not left wholly without some spiritual light, which was the seed in due time destined to grow up into Christianity. His mildness and firmness were proportionate to the strength of his own convictions. He was patient also, and disclaimed forced conversions, which he well knew would only recoil into deeper error, through the avenging power of wounded liberty and reason. Moreover, he had no wish to substitute a new idol for an old one. In Mexico, humanity demanded the prompt abolition of human sacrifices and other cruel rites. Here he had no fanatical and crafty priesthood to oppose him ; no barbarous customs openly to denounce ; the people looked upon him as a messenger from some divinity, and listened deferentially to his exhortations. He saw plainly that the evils which he had to encounter lay deep in the temperament of the

Hawaiian, and could only be eradicated by presenting to his mind moral truths, which might gradually so operate upon his sensuous character, as to give him higher motives of action, from convincing him that better results and increased happiness would be his reward both here and hereafter. Perhaps no obstacle was more fatal to his success than the easy and hospitable nature of the Hawaiian himself. Based as it was, upon the generous spontaneity of his climate, modified or directed by the individual character of the rulers and priests, it found no difficulty in adding to its mythology at the will of the latter, or in being courteous and kind to all. But this quality, dependent as it was mainly upon the healthful action of their animal natures, could not be permanently counted upon. Their passions, like the limbs of the tiger in repose, were beautiful to look at, but rouse them and they were equally fearful. In the exercise of hospitality, they freely proffered their wives and daughters to their guests, but excite their hate or jealousy, and their revenge became demoniacal. With all their external peace and happiness, there was but faint moral principle. This Olmedo saw, and endeavored to inculcate virtue as the only basis of religious reform.

On the other hand, they had often expressed much good-natured wonder at his refusal to take a wife from the most beautiful girls, which partly from pity at his continence, and partly to test its strength, they had offered him under the most seductive circumstances. His explanation of the vow

of chastity required by his religion, did not aid to render it the more acceptable to them. It was beyond their comprehension that any deity should require such a mortification of the instincts he had himself created. Olmedo's abstinence was therefore the more marvellous, but perceiving how scrupulously he fulfilled the obligations of his tabu, they gave him that respect which every sincere action, proceeding from a good motive, never fails to inspire. By degrees they began to feel in Olmedo's life a purity and benevolence, which, overlooking his own bodily ease or enjoyment, was untiring in its efforts to do them all good. In sickness, he watched at their bedsides with herbs to heal and words to cheer. In strife he was ever active to make peace. Their children he fondled, and upon their plastic minds he was better able to impress the idea of a One Great God and his Son's love. He told them beautiful stories of that sinless woman and mother of Judea, the Madonna, who centered in herself all the human and divine strength of her sex, and who, as the spouse of God, was ever nigh to pity, soothe, and protect. He taught them that to forgive was better than to revenge; that the law not to steal sprang from a better principle than fear of retaliation; in short, that virtue brought a peace and joy far beyond all that the fullest gratifications of their merely selfish desires could produce.

Much of this instruction fell among choking weeds. Still they were all better for having Olmedo among them; and, indeed, the very fact of their

being able in any degree to appreciate his life, showed the dawnings of a new light to their minds.

Without this detail of the relative moral positions of the priest and his semi-flock, the reader would not appreciate the force of Kiana's reply to Olmedo's appeal, in which the latter had given a brief history of the Christian religion as derived from the Holy Scriptures and interpreted by the Roman church.

I give merely the substance of Kiana's words, as it would be too tedious to follow them literally through the web of conversation which led to so full an enunciation of his own belief. The reader will perceive a sufficient coincidence, to suggest either a common source of knowledge in the earliest ages of human history or certain religious instincts in the human mind, that make isolated races come to practically the same religious conclusions.

"Some things that you tell me," said Kiana, "are like our own traditions. From them we learn that there was a time when there was no land nor water, but everywhere darkness and confusion. It was then that the Great God made Hawaii. Soon after he created a man and woman to dwell on it. These two were our progenitors.

"Ages afterwards a flood came and drowned all the land, except the top of Mauna Kea, which you see yonder," continued the chief, pointing to its snowy summit. "A few only of the people were saved in a great canoe, which floated a long while on the waters, until it rested there, and the people

went forth and again built houses and dwelt in the land.

“One of our Gods also stopped the sun, as you say Joshua did, not to slay his enemies, but to give light to his wife to finish her work.

“We have a hell, but it is not one of torturing flames, but of darkness, where bad men wander about in misery, having for food only lizards and butterflies. Our heaven is bright like yours, and those who are admitted are forever happy. You tell me of a Purgatory, where the souls of those who go not directly to heaven or hell, remain in temporary punishment. Our priests tell us that the spirits of those who have been not very good or bad, remain about the earth, and that they visit mortals to protect or harm according to their dispositions.

“We pray with our faces and arms extended towards heaven, as you do. We have our fasts and our feasts, in memory of our good men, who have gone before us to happiness. We venerate their relics and the people worship them.

“You believe in One Great God and worship many. We do the same. What matters it by what names they are called. You declare a man whom you call Pope, to be the representative of God on earth; that he can bind or loose for hell or heaven; that only through belief in his church can any one be saved; that his authority is derived from dreams and visions, and prophecies and traditions written in a Holy Book.

“Our priests too have visions and dreams. Their

gods visit them. They claim authority from the same sources of inspiration. Your Pope is no doubt right to govern you as he does. His book is a good book for you white men; but we red men have no need of a book, while our priests still talk with their gods, as you say yours once did.

“If no one can be saved except in believing in the Pope, what becomes of all the races you tell me of who have never heard of him? Would a good God punish his creatures for not knowing what they cannot know? No! I do not believe in this! The Great Spirit has given us Hawaiians some truth. Perhaps he has given you white men more. This I can believe, as I see you are so superior to us in knowledge, but that he created those only who acknowledge the Pope, to be saved, I do not believe!

“Our priests when they quarrel talk in the same way. Each claims to be the favorite and inspired of his God, but it is because they are selfish and ambitious. They wish to control men by pretending to hold the gate of Heaven. My thought is, that God hears and sees all men, whether they pray through priests or not. I am the Pope of my people, but I know that I cannot shut or open heaven to any one. I have no right to give away the lands of other people, because they do not believe as I do. Some prefer one God and some another.

“You have what you call an Inquisition to punish those who do not assent to your faith. We too have our ‘tabus’ which permit the same, when

sacrilege is done or our laws broken. If we adopted your laws and customs, how should we be better off than now, when they are so alike?

"If your Jesus was the Supreme God, how could his creatures put him to death? How could he have been a man like us? If he were only a great prophet, then I can understand how these things happened and why he has since been worshiped as a God?

"Have you not heard our priests say, that among the doctrines that have come down to us from the earliest time, is one almost the same as you tell us of Jesus, 'to love our neighbor as ourself, to do to him what we wish done to us?' They also tell us to keep peace with all. God who sees will avenge, the same as you say, only that you constantly preach and practise it, which our priests have long since forgotten to."

After this manner did Kiana reply to Olmedo. The words of the pagan were a prolific theme of reflection to him. In some things he found himself a scholar where he would have been a teacher. There was then a light even to the Gentiles. How vain was force, how wicked compulsion in matters of faith! Mankind all sought one common end, happiness here and hereafter. God had left none so blind as not to have glimmerings of truth. He would adjudge them according to their gifts, and not by an arbitrary rule of priestcraft. God's laws were uniform and universal. All creation was penetrated with their essence. Sin brought its own punishment, and virtue its own reward, whether within or

without the pale of the church. Was the Roman Church, after all, but *one* form of religious expression? An imperfect one, too! At this thought he shuddered as the force of theological dogmas recoiled upon him. It was but a transient emotion. Truth was not so easily subdued. The idea flashed through his mind, "Does not pure religion diminish in proportion as a stony theology flourishes? Is not that a science of words and forms of man's creation, destined gradually to pass away, as the kingdom of God, which is only of the Spirit, shall increase until all men are baptized into it through Love and not through Fear?"

Olmedo's heart swelled at these thoughts. As he gazed upon the scene before him, so in harmony with the joyousness of nature, so penetrated with her beauty, so choral with her melodies, the mere scholastic theologian died from within him. His face lighted into a glow of thankfulness, that God had created Beauty, and given man senses to enjoy it. Was there any good thing of his to be refused? Was not every gift to be accepted with gratitude, and used to increase his enjoyment? Was not the rule *Use*, and the denial *Abuse*? Was not the immolation of correct instincts a sacrifice of self to Belial? Were not the heathen themselves reading a lesson to him from Nature's Bible, wiser than those he had studied from the Law and the Prophets? There was opened to him a new revelation. Not of Rome! Not from Geneva! God's world in all its fulness flowed in upon him. He was inspired with the thought. Out from his

eyes as he stood erect and felt himself for once *wholly* a man, there shone a light that made those who looked upon him feel what it was for man to have been created in HIS IMAGE. But beware monk! Beware priest! There is either salvation or ruin in this! Salvation, if Duty holds the helm,—ruin if Desire seizes the post.

Kiana regarded Olmedo in amazement. His was not the soul to enter into such a sanctuary. There was one, however, whose nature penetrated his inmost thoughts. Nay, more, it instinctively infused itself into his and the two made One Heart; intuitively praising Him. Their eyes met. One deep soul-searching gaze, and these two were for ever joined.

CHAPTER X.

“ So Love doth raine
In stoutest minds and maketh monstrous Warre :
He maketh warre : he maketh Peace again.
And yet his Peace is but continual Jarre.
Oh miserable men that to him subject arre.”

SPENSER.

THE situation of Beatriz alone, so far as companionship of her sex was concerned, was peculiar. She was not one readily to give or seek confidence. Were she surrounded with her equals in race and cultivation, she would not have disclosed her inmost self, and least of all to a female. This was instinct rather than reason. Those about her thought they knew her in all points, because they saw how good and true she was to them. They loved her, because her vast capacity of love drew all lesser loves towards it. They came readily to her with their trials, because in her large heart and womanly perceptions there was an inexhaustible fountain of sympathy and a foresight truer than a sybil's. Thus daily, wherever she was, whoever among, she received a constant tribute of devotion and confidence. The character of those about her grew better by her presence. But with all this power, of which each word or look could not but

make her conscious, she was often inexpressibly sad.

Whence this sadness? Beatriz had never analyzed her own heart. While all others were open to her, her own had remained a mystery. She felt within it deep, broad currents of emotion, which led, she scarcely knew whither. That their waters flowed from a clear spring was self-evident, because her desires were pure and high. She loved her brother warmly, and he returned her love; still there was a wide gulf between them. With other men the gulf was wider. With women she had never been intimate. Hence, while she seemed so easily read by all about her, there still remained a mystery of which none had been able to lift the veil.

Her sympathy, self-sacrificing spirit and generosity; her indignation at the mean or base; her approving glance at the noble and true; her quiet courage and patient endurance; her piety, her quick perception, which so often anticipated man's slower judgment; her passions even, for she had shown, when roused, a force and decision, that awed armed men and controlled rude hearts; all this was intelligible to her companions, and commanded their love and esteem. But there still remained a depth to her nature, that theirs could never have sounded, and would have remained fathomless to herself, unless stirred by a depth answering to her own.

All God-filled souls experience this. With all that rank, position and the ordinary affections of kindred can confer, with, as it were, every earthly

wish gratified, there still remains, underlying the calm exterior of social cultivation, a gnawing and restlessness, that unmasks the skeleton at the feast. Something is ever wanting.

What is this want?

It is not Reason. The book of Nature is ever open, and the mind has but to look thereon to find always something new,—truths to lead it upward and onward, daily convincing it that its heritage is Infinity.

What is it then?

It is Love!

Yes, with all the resources of Reason, without Love, we are indeed widowed. Like Rachel we refuse to be comforted. No love will satisfy our hearts, however much we may cling to the phantoms of sentiment or passion, however strong may be the demands of duty, however implicit our obedience, unless the *measure* of our hearts is filled. We must have all that we can contain of all that we are and all that we are not. Then only dual souls become *One*.

It is right that it should be thus. The very misery arising from uncongenial unions or unsatisfied desires, springs from a benevolent law, which says, like pain to the diseased limb, "you are wrong." Be dutiful but not satisfied. Although you now see through a glass darkly, in time light and harmony will be your portion. Cultivate your soul so as to receive a better inheritance.

Beatriz had never married. Her nature had kept her from the great error of mistaking a little for the

whole. She who had so much to give, was too wise to fling herself away upon a single impulse. Her love for all was the result of an unconscious superiority of soul, which increased by what it gave. It was, more properly speaking, kindness or benevolence, and flowed from her as naturally and as sweetly as fragrance from the rose.

All great natures have in them a vein of sadness. This springs from the consciousness of the little they are, in contrast with the much they would be. With man it is an active want. He would know all things. He grasps the reins of the chariot of the sun, and falls headlong because he tries to fly before his wings are unfolded. Woman is more patient. She passively awaits her destiny. If it be long in coming, she may find solace in apathy, but she rarely, wilfully commits a wrong to hasten her right. Yet when her moral nature does become disordered, as the foulest decay springs from the richest soil, so she becomes so wanton as to cause even fallen man to shudder.

Love had remained passive in the soul of Beatriz. Its might was all there, but the torch that was to kindle the flame had not yet reached it. She only knew its power for joy by the pleasure she felt in seeing its effects in others. Thus she welcomed within herself all that she saw in another that was noble and loveable, while she shrank instinctively from every base action or degrading thought.

Kiana's ardent, generous nature, had from the first been her captive. This she saw; but it inspired in her no deeper sentiment than the respect due his

qualities. He, however, unlike most men, did not fancy that to love, implied of necessity to be loved. His passion was open and honorable. To the praise of the Hawaiian race, be it recorded, that no white woman ever received other than courtesy at their hands. Rich or poor, alone among thousands of natives, they and theirs with no other protection than their own virtue, have ever been, not only respected, but cared for, and to a certain extent venerated. White men, it is true, have in general been as hospitably received. But by their passions they speedily place themselves upon the level of the native. The white woman, on the contrary, from the first went among them as a missionary,—a being superior in virtue as in knowledge to themselves,—and by the affinity of respect which human nature everywhere shows for the truly good, she has ever maintained over this semi-barbarian race an ascendancy more real than hostile fleets have ever effected.*

Beatriz had nothing to fear from Kiana. It was not in her power to refuse his gifts for they reached her indirectly, through the thousand channels ever open to a despotic will. Kiana's passion, like his nature, was princely. The rarest flowers, fresh

* An exception in one instance to this fact, so creditable to the Hawaiians, is said to have occurred to one of the American missionary ladies, to whom a native behaved with so much rudeness that the king, Liholiho, only spared his life at the intercession of her husband. The contemplated punishment for a breach of their national hospitality, shows in what abhorrence they regarded a wanton insult to a white woman!

every morning, were placed by unseen hands about her house. All that Hawaii could produce that was beautiful or delicate, found its way thither; she could not tell how, though she felt from whom it came. The choicest fruits were served to her by the fairest and best of Hawaii's maidens. No wanton curiosity was allowed to intrude upon her retirement. If she walked out, not an eye gazed rudely upon her, not a glance questioned her motives. Amid a populous district, she was as retired, at her own choice, as if it were her pleasure grounds. The gallantry of Kiana had even provided for her a bathing place in a crystalline pool, so nicely shaded by nature and screened by art, as to form a retreat that Diana might have coveted. When he visited her, it was with the state of a Hawaiian noble. Rarely, unless specially invited by Juan, did he approach her in an informal manner. Savage though he was, he possessed a tact and an intuitive perception of the delicacy of Beatriz's character, which led him to adopt the only course that could in any wise make him personally acceptable to her.

One day not long after the scene described in the last chapter, Beatriz, sadder than usual, was alone in her garden, looking at the ocean without seeing it, when Kiana came up to her and in a low voice said, "Does the white maiden mourn her Spanish home?"

"No, chief," said Beatriz, "my home is with my brother. We are orphans."

"Juan loves Hawaii," replied Kiana, "and will

stay with us. He is my brother, my Hoapili, 'close adhering companion,' my people now call him. But my heart is lonely. Will not his sister be my wife?"

The abruptness of the proposal, although so long foreshadowed by attentions that only an honorable love could have suggested, at first startled Beatriz, and for a moment she was at a loss for a suitable reply. Decided in her own feelings, she wished to spare him unnecessary pain, and at the same time preserve a friendship so important to the welfare of her brother. Perhaps she thought too of Olmedo. Her hesitation encouraged Kiana to plead his suit still farther.

"Kiana loves only the white maiden. Since his eyes first saw her, all other loves have left him. His heart grows feeble when she speaks. He trembles at her voice, but it is music to his ears. When she smiles the sun looks brighter, the birds sing more sweetly and the flowers grow more fragrant. My people see in her a deity. To me, she is my soul, my life. Be mine, maiden, and rule Hawaii, as you now rule me," and the haughty chief, who had never before bent the knee in prayer to God or mortal, knelt to Beatriz.

Her resolution was at once taken. With a nature like his, frankness and firmness would, she felt, be appreciated.

"Rise, chieftain," said she, "this must not be. White maidens give their hands only with their hearts. You are generous, noble, proud. Would

you wed one who cannot return your love? No! Kiana could not stoop to that."

"But thou wilt love. Thou art formed for love. Does not each bird seek a mate? Wilt thou, of all thy sex, be always alone? Look around. All nature smiles; thou only art ever sad. Let my love be thy smile, and Hawaii shall ever rejoice that 'the pearl of the sea-wave,' for so thou art called among us, was found upon her shore."

"You speak truly, chief, when you call me sad, but were I to wed you without love, you too would soon grow sad. The white maiden respects you, — is grateful to you, — would serve you all in her feeble power, but she cannot do so great a wrong to herself and to you, as to say yes, when her heart speaks no."

Kiana shook like an aspen leaf. His voice grew tremulous, but the pride and passion of his race were subdued before the truth and beauty of Beatriz. There had always been something in her deportment, which as decisively forbade hope where hope was not to be, as it would have invited love where love was to be. So he turned from her more in sorrow than in anger, but had gone but a few steps, when returning, he said, "Kiana loves you, and ever will. He seeks a companion, not a captive. You are right not to say yes, when you feel no; fear not. Kiana can love, even if not loved. All that he possesses is yours. Never shall it be said of Kiana that his love changed to dishonor, because he could not win the white maiden."

Tears started to her eyes as she gave him her hand. She dared not trust her speech to express the gratitude she really felt, for fear it might revive his passion. And so they parted, each remaining true to their last words.

CHAPTER XI.

“ I never saw a vessel of like Sorrow,
So filled and so becoming.”

“ Give Sorrow words : the Grief that does not speak
Whispers the overfraught heart and bids it break.”

SHAKESPEARE.

No woman of true sensibility rejects a lover without feeling herself a sympathy in the pang she inflicts. It often happens that in her artless attempts to mitigate the disappointment, her motives are mistaken, and she subjects herself again to a siege so much more pressing than the former, that she yields against her conviction, a captive to a stronger will, but not to love. It was not so with a woman of Beatriz's mould. She knew that in no way could she be so true to others as in being true to herself. When Kiana turned from her, although she was sadder than before he spoke, she felt that her sincerity had been her safety.

As she prolonged her walk farther from her house to where the trees thickened into a forest, she thought she saw a pair of piercing eyes, not unfamiliar, watching her at times, through the thick vines and ferns that clustered about her path. She was, however, too abstracted by her own reflections

to be curious about them, and so she slowly wandered on.

“Holy Mother, has it come to this,” said she to herself, stopping occasionally, and pressing her hands over her heart as if to still its throbs, “do I love this man? Whence this fever here, if it be not love? Why was it that when I found him lying, as I thought, dead on the sand, my pulses ceased to beat, and for the instant I was dead myself? Could he have seen my emotion when he came to? The Chaste Virgin forbid! Yet when our eyes met on that holy evening in which we gazed so long upon the sea, I read my soul in his. But can he know what I do not know myself? I would say I do not love him, yet something within chokes me when I would utter the words. What I, a Catholic maiden, love a priest? ’tis not so! it would be sacrilege. May the Mother of God forgive the thought,” and she paused with eyes uplifted and hands clasped in silent prayer.

For an instant she became quieter, but it was only the gathering of the coming storm. Every instinct of her warm nature cried, “you love him.” Each accepted doctrine of her faith as firmly forbade it. She felt she was on the brink of a gulf. Destruction of soul and body or their martyrdom, seemed the only choice.

“Yet,” thought she, “if it be a crime, why is it that his voice ever soothes me, — that his words ever make me stronger and truer to my better self, — that he upholds me in all that is good? When with him, nature has a more loving aspect; the

very stones look kindly on me. It has ever been thus. Before I suspected myself, — yes, now I see it all, — years, years ago, my heart flowed out the same to Olmedo, — his presence was my want. Away from him I was contented, it is true, but I was sad. With him, my sadness became a quiet joy. I was doubly myself. Has the good God given me all this for a torment? To ruin my soul through the source of its virtue and its highest happiness?”

She shuddered. Her whole frame was convulsed with agony. She did not fear that Olmedo did not love her, because she thought that feelings so deep and long tried as hers had been in relation to him, could not exist without the answering sympathy of his.

It was not then the fear that she was not loved that troubled her. It was rather the fear that Olmedo might be tempted even as she was. He, a priest, vowed to chastity: his wife was the Holy Church; if it were sacrilege in her to love, it were blasphemy in him. Again all the terrors of a stricken conscience smote her, and she was overwhelmed at the thought that he might be equally guilty with herself.

Thus it often is. God gives man his instincts and desires. Having made him after his own image, that image must be vital with the eternal principles of God-nature. If the author of all has inseparably connected cause and effect in the physical world, He has carried the law no less positively into the moral world. There can be, therefore, no

instinct without its proper function, and no aspiration that may not be realized progressively towards Him. Duty is the password to heaven, which, in the rightly balanced mind begins on earth. Finding all things good according to their kind, it is not afraid to honor God by the right use of his gifts. Man begins his hell here also, by the bars to his progress, which his misunderstood organization, selfish passions, and the foolish learning or spiritual tyranny of his merely human theology fabricate for him. He fears, and seeks to compromise or deceive. If the spirit of God be upon him, then he enjoys all things of God, each in its due degree, with a peace that passeth understanding.

Beatriz, therefore, was right in feeling that the Being who had made the human heart and given it the capacity of loving, intended that it should love; that he had not given affections and the affinities of soul to either sex, to be a torment from want of the very object which He had made that man might not be *Alone*. And alone must be man or woman into whose heart enter no sympathies, responding to their own. If Adam had his mate, so has each son of his, by the same great law of Nature. God chose for Adam, but he gave to his children a delicate heritage of instincts and emotions of commingled matter and spirit, which were to be their guides towards finding the other being who is to complete their unity. That Olmedo was to her that being and she to him, Beatriz now knew full well. Her past life, with all that she had gained in character through him, and all she had enjoyed in feeling, the

repose of perfect trust in his truth, the delicacy of his deportment, which, whether as confessor or friend, had always sought her highest good, all came back to her as a new revelation. Not that a single word of love had ever passed between them, or a single action, which angels might not have witnessed, escaped him. Both had been in too full enjoyment of that calm, but unconscious love that springs from a mutual, mental and spiritual adaptation, without the suggestion of a more intimate relation, until to her the pang of his supposed death, and to him the reawakening of his physical life, amid the allurements of a tropical climate, disclosed to both the full extent of their attachment.

From that moment Beatriz was wretched, because however calm her exterior, within love and conscience were in conflict. Her misery was the greater, that she must hide her secret within her own bosom. Hitherto, every doubt or struggle had been disclosed to her confessor, and in his advice or consolation she had found repose. Now, the duties of her religion required her to confess this great sin to her confessor, and seek absolution for her soul's sake; but that confessor was the man she loved, and the confession itself, besides being forbidden by every principle of womanly feeling, might, if made to him, precipitate both into the gulf their faith told them to avoid.

“Sinning woman that I am, how can I pray to the Holy Virgin with such a stain on my soul! Aid me, thou Chaste Mother, purest and best of

women. Must I ever carry this sorrow, known to him and seen to God, yet dare not confess it, for fear of a greater sin? Would that I had drowned at the wreck," and the tears dropped fast upon her pale cheeks. For a moment her body swayed to and fro with anguish, till faint and worn she sank upon the ground.

Woman! thine hour of trial has come; as the good or evil principle succeeds within thee, so wilt thou be saved or lost!

Every soul is born into the kingdom of Heaven only through spirit throes, such as thou now feelest test thy power! Much has been given thee, and much is required in *this* hour. Conquer, and eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joy reserved for thee!

"God knows I love Olmedo. Were I to force my tongue to perjure my soul to man, He sees my heart and its secret sin. Father in heaven, can it be sin to love this man! Thou art all-wise, all-good, all-merciful. Thou hast told us that imperfect mortals cannot look on Thee and live, but through him, thy likeness so shines, that I can dimly see Thee. Do I not then in loving him, love Thee?" And she mused for an instant with a dubious smile, as if hope had begun to dawn on her mind.

It was but for a short moment. Again her features darkened, and the cold shudder came back upon her. Life seemed struggling to escape from so bitter a trial. But her vital organization was so exquisite, that as she could enjoy, so must she also suffer.

“Oh! my God! my God!” broke passionately from her lips, “what blasphemy is this! Save me, Holy Mother! intercede for me with thy Son! the Evil One seeks to snare my soul,” and she knelt in prayer.

There in the forest, no leaf stirring, all nature hushed, that lone woman, her soul racked with doubt, fearing equally to violate her own pure impulses and the faith which bade her crucify them, plead piteously to her Father in heaven for strength to calm her soul, and to know the right. Never before, in that land, had a truthful, earnest woman's heart poured forth its passionate griefs in words of child-like simplicity, seeking sympathy and aid direct from its Maker. Well might we call that spot hallowed through all after time. Long and deeply she prayed, with her sad, sorrow-convulsed face upturned to heaven, into the vault of which her full mild eyes seemed to pierce with a bright light, as if like Stephen, she saw the crucified one amid his angels. Gradually her features softened, a tear stood in either eye, the spirit she sought entered her soul, and she rose from her forest altar, if not a happier, for the time a calmer woman.

CHAPTER XII.

“ ’Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.”

SHAKESPEARE.

SINCE the evening by the seaside so eventful to each, Olmedo had not seen Beatriz. Indeed he had avoided it, because with his present feelings he dared not trust himself alone with her. His profession having been chosen for him by his parents, he had been subjected when so young to the discipline of his order, that he had been screened from the usual temptations and experiences of ordinary life. Under any circumstances he would have been an upright man. In his convent he had early acquired an excellent character for strict compliance with the ritual of his faith, benevolence, and study. Some of his brethren, jealous perhaps of his greater influence among their flock, had hinted occasionally to their superior, that his opinions were somewhat liberal, and that he had displayed at times an independence and energy that betokened a more active mind than was consistent with their order. Whatever truth there may have been in these insinuations, such was the general respect in which he was held, that no harm came to him or even notice of

them, except now and then a good-natured suggestion to be cautious in his expressions before certain of the brethren.

Olmedo was born for a wider sphere than a monastic life. His passions were active, but pure. There had always existed within him a silent protest to forced celibacy, for he felt that the family was an institution of God, while the convent was only of man. His mind, in all questions that affected the welfare of the human race, naturally took a broad and correct view, but so thoroughly grounded had he been in the faith and practices of his church, that when his opinions really differed, he preferred outwardly to submit to what he considered the highest authority. Whenever, however, his good sense could consistently be active in opposition to the narrow or fanatical views of other members of his order, he had invariably spoken, and in general with effect; and on all occasions which required self-devotion or the exercise of a stricter rule of conduct, he had been the most prompt among them.

He was eminently qualified to be a missionary. His sincerity of faith had not cramped his sympathies of human action. Active and thoughtful, self-denying, yet charitable, firm to his convictions while obedient to lawful discipline, with a winning, quiet manner, that commanded respect and confidence, he was just the man to go forth to the world as an example and preacher of the pure tenets of Christianity. The newly discovered continent of America, with its novel races, greatly interested him. There

he could be freer than in Spain. Accordingly he had obtained permission to embark for this new field of religious enterprise.

Although Olmedo had come from Spain with her father, it so happened that it was in Cuba that he had first made the acquaintance of Beatriz. From that moment he found himself strongly drawn towards her by their mutual comprehension of each other's character, which to each filled their want of sympathy in the deeper aspirations of their natures. To either their friendship was a new and sweet experience. Olmedo's heart finding refreshment in the ingenuous feelings and impulses of Beatriz, while her mind expanded and strengthened in the intellectual resources of his. Their intercourse, or mental confidence it would be more proper to term it, as it related so exclusively to their minds, was the more complete, that while each was actually governed by the real affinities from which true love must spring, both were unconscious of any alloy of passion. Such an intimacy as existed between them, could not have been between brother and sister, neither between lovers, for while it was undoubtedly warmed by an undercurrent of feeling unknown to the former, it was free from all the embarrassments or dangers growing out of its recognized existence with the latter. Olmedo was her spiritual father, and something more; the magnet of her soul. She was his spiritual daughter, and filled to his then well disciplined nature the void which lack of female communion had ever caused. Hence both were free, unreserved, and affectionate.

Theirs was of its kind a perfect love, because it had no fear, but now the time had come when the eyes of both were opened.

The effect on Olmedo of this sudden disclosure of his passion, was no less a source of acute misery to him than the same self-confession of Beatriz had been to her. Perhaps his sufferings were even greater. Hers were impulsive and passive. An intuitive perception disclosed all at once the joys a complete union of hearts like theirs might realize, while faith forbade the banns. With her, therefore, it was simply a struggle, not against reason, for that sided with her, but a conscience educated in opposition to nature. There is no source of mental misery more poignant than this, because it is the actual right struggling against the conventional wrong, which by a false view of the laws of God has been made to appear the right. It is God's conscience against man's conscience, claiming to be of God. And although the latter may not be right in itself, yet from having been chosen as a moral guide, circumstances may have woven so strong a web around it, that to suddenly break the woof would be a wrong. Hence, the eternal wrong having become the present right, nothing remains but to obey duty and leave the justification of God's ways to his own good time. ✕

Olmedo now saw plainly that God had as fully constituted him for marriage as any other man; that even his partial intercourse with woman had been the means of his greater soul-awakening; that it was an error to view God as a being who de-

lighted in asceticism. On the contrary he rejoiced, and all nature showed it, in man's innocent appropriation of all the sources of enjoyment and knowledge, created expressly for him. The feasting and sociality of Christ, his love for women and children and constant intercourse with them, his generous disregard of the letter of the law, all spoke to him as they never had before. He was satisfied that man was right only, in the degree that he exercised all his faculties in the direction for which they were created; that to deny some to the intent to exalt others, was a fatal mistake. Harmony proceeded solely from the mutual and free action of all, in accordance with general principles which all nature except man instinctively recognized, but which to man were often perverted by the wantonness of Reason. In demanding to be his sole guide, Reason claimed too much. There were lessons to be learned through his affection as well as through his intellect. The more childlike he became, the more direct was his intercourse with God. Nature, children, and, above all, the heart of woman had become to him new sources of inspiration. There was then a Holy Book in all created things. Words of life could be read alike in the phenomena of nature, the sports of innocence, and the warm affections of humanity. Revelation was not confined to the printed page.

Such thoughts as these would have brought him to the stake in Spain. In the dull routine of convent-life, they probably would never have been awakened. Here he was in a new world. The

church, as a human institution, was himself. There was no official authority superior to his own; no guide above his own reason or conscience. Naturally free and inquiring, how could it be otherwise than that the lessons of his new life should be felt in his soul. He saw that hierarchies were not indispensable roads to heaven. He even dimly imagined the time when each man should be again his own priest, and the intercourse between God and his children be direct as it once was. But I cannot follow him through all the foreshowings of his newly aroused religious aspirations. The Age and his education still had deep hold upon him. Fain would he now, however, redeem himself a man.

“Why should I not?” thought he. “Am I always to obey a vow taught me by others before able to judge for myself? Is the scope of another’s mind to be the measure for mine? Here Beatriz and myself must pass our days, away from our native lands, with no bars between our loves except such as have been made for other places and circumstances. Must we obey them and deny ourselves all that God appoints for our union, because man has put us asunder?”

His heart rebelled at this thought, and his passions grew clamorous. They were none the less forcible from long restraint. He loved Beatriz truly, but he loved her as a man; his whole nature panted for hers, but with his intensity of feeling there was perfect chastity, for he could as soon have warmed towards a vegetable as towards one

he did not love. His passion was begotten of his love. He felt its impulses, but neither analyzed nor thought of them, except in relation to their object. Did this monk sin?

His thoughts now reverted to her. "She is my spiritual child. Her soul is in my keeping. Should I not be false to my charge to permit a union which the Church anathematizes? I may risk my own soul, but not hers. No! No! Be quiet, heart! She is pure and artless, the child of heaven; she must remain so," and he sighed as if his last breath was parting, as he strove to bring his will to this self-renunciation.

With him, passion, opportunity, reason, and even his new views of religion plead for the union. Greater temptation of circumstance and argument never assailed a man. On the other hand, arose the still, small voice, "You are her spiritual father; love you may and must, but to confess that love, to tempt her, would be a sin against the Holy Ghost; for has she not been confided to thy charge? Was ever such a crime known to one, who has vowed to God for his better service here, and for higher reward hereafter, to renounce the honors and pleasures of this life, — to know no wife, or child; to crucify alike passions and affections for the love of Heaven. Have a care, priest! the devil baits his hook temptingly for thee!"

'The full tide of a broken faith swept over his soul with retributory energy. He trembled with horror. Clasping his crucifix tighty to his breast,

and frantically kissing it, he rushed from the house, exclaiming, "Save me, Jesus, save me from myself; save her, at least, whatsoever thou wilt do with me."

CHAPTER XIII.

“The world and men are just reciprocal,
Yet contrary. Spirit invadeth sense
And carries captive Nature. Be this true,
All good is Heaven, and all ill is Hell.”

BAILEY.

THE southern and most eastern portion of Hawaii was, at the period of this tale, in great part, a sterile, volcanic region, with but scanty vegetation and a scanty supply of water. Mauna Loa occupied the larger part, with its immense dome and volcano. It threw off on its flanks, vast rivers formed by the flow from its summit of torrents of lava, which, in cooling, broke up into a myriad of fantastic forms. In some places they presented large tracks of volcanic rock, in easy slopes, as smooth as if a sluggish stream of oil had been suddenly changed to stone,—in others, the sharp vitrified edges, broken, basaltic masses, and savage look of the whole, suggested the thought of a black ocean petrified at the instant when a typhoon begins to subside, and the waves running steeple high toss and tumble, break and foam, into a thousand wild currents and irregular shapes. No verdure of any kind found root in these wastes. The sole nourishment they offered was an occa-

sional supply of rain-water, left in the hollows of the rocks. It was impossible to traverse them, unless the feet were protected by sandals, impenetrable to the heat which was reflected from the glassy surfaces of the smooth rock, or the knife-like edges of the jagged lava, which formed a path as unpleasant as if it had been freshly macadamized with broken beer bottles. Fresh currents of lava yearly flowed over the old, adding to the blackness of its desolation. The fumes of sulphur and other poisonous gases, the lurid glare of liquid rock, explosions and mutterings, belchings and heavings, the quaking and trembling of the fire-eaten ground and jets of mingled earth and water, — the very elements fused into whirlpools and fountains of nature's gore, redder and more clotted than human blood, while fiery ashes obscured the sky, and heavy rocks shot up as if from hell's mortars, burst high in the air, or fell far away from their discharging craters with the crash and roar of thunderbolts, — such at times were the scenes and atmosphere of much of this district.

Still the coasts and many of the valleys afforded sufficient arable ground to support quite a numerous population. The climate was as variable as the variety of altitudes it covered. On the sea-side, to the leeward of the fire-mountains, it was burning with the heat of Sahara, and all but rainless, while the highest portions were almost continually enveloped in clouds and dense vapors. The natives were familiar with both the tropical palm and the frigid lichens, perpetual heat and perpetual

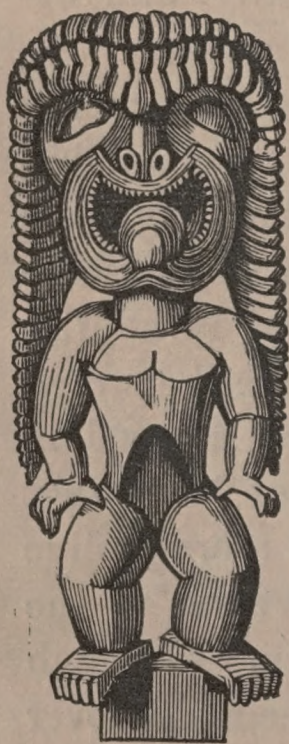
cold, boiling springs and never melting ice, the precocious luxuriance and the utter sterility of nature, all within a circuit of not over one hundred and fifty miles.

I doubt if the earth's surface affords elsewhere more rapid transitions of zones within a more limited territory than Hawaii. Her phenomena of all kinds, and even her productions, though limited in variety, are on no niggard scale. The active and extinct volcanoes are the largest known, — her mountains, not in chains, but isolated, are the more impressive to the eye, from their solitary grandeur, rising as they do directly from the ocean, which encircling them leads off the view into immensity. Thus the grandeur of this wonderful island becomes complete.

In the middle-ground between the hot country of the coast and the cold of the highest region, there is a neutral spot or belt, where the creative and destructive agencies of nature are in intimate contact. Here we find heavy forests with trees of immense size, growing upon a soil so thin, that earthquakes frequently tilted them to the ground, throwing roots and the clinging earth into the air, and leaving bare the rock beneath. Amid seas of cold lava arise islets of shrubbery; verdant spots, where the strawberry, raspberry, and other fruits grow, planted in ages past by the provident agency of birds, that have here rested in their flights from more prolific soils. Now they yield welcome harvests to the colonies of their first sowers and to man. Although fire so often lays them waste, they speedily recover

their fertility, and, indeed, are gradually pushing vegetation into the increasing soil on all sides, thus adding slowly to the area of habitable earth.

The inhabitants of this region partook of its character. They were brave, hardy, fierce, and cruel; as uncertain as their volcanoes, and as savage as their soil. The sybaritic life of their more favored neighbors had no attractions for them, except as a temptation for foray. They loved to seize upon the luxuries they were too ignorant to create for themselves, and indeed which nature almost denied them. But the superior arms and discipline of Kiana's people in general prevailed, and they were confined within their own borders, although sometimes a successful expedition supplied them with both slaves and victims for sacrifice to the gods of their terrible mythology. For they saw in the mighty agencies of nature around them, only malignant and sanguinary deities, whom they feared and sought to appease by rites as horrible as their own imagination.



The great crater of Mauna Loa was their Olympus. Amid its glowing fires, or high up in the perpetual snows of the mountain, resided their awful goddess Pele, with her sister train and attendants of the other sex, whose names best express their terrific attributes. It will be noticed that like the Grecian, their mythology had its origin in

their elementary conceptions of the facts of natural philosophy, which in time, by their darker imaginations, were personified into a family of monsters, instead of the poetical fancies of the sensuous Greek. "Hiaka-wawahi-lani," the heaven dwelling cloud-holder, and "Makole-inawahi-waa," the fiery-eyed cave breaker, were the sisters of Pele, and with the brothers "Kamoho-alii," the king of steam and vapor, "Kapoha-ikahi-ala," the explosion in the palace of life, "Kenakepo," the rain of night, "Kanekekili," thundering god, and "Keoahi-kamakana," fire-thrusting child of war; the latter two were like Vulcan deformed, — made up her court. Their favorite sporting place was the volcano of Kilauea, where they were always to be seen, reveling in its flames, or bathing in its red surges, to the chorus of its terrific thunderings or frightful mutterings.

My readers will, I trust, forgive me the insertion of these sentence-long names for the poetry there is in them, and if they will pronounce them with the soft accent of Southern Europe, they will find them as melodious as their definitions are expressive.

But it was not alone to these deities these savages paid homage. They worshipped a mammoth shark, and fed him with human victims, casting them alive within the enclosed water in which they kept their ferocious pet. This was not quite so bad as feeding lampreys on slaves, for their sin was done under a mistaken idea of religion, while the other was to glut revenge, and fatten eels for their

owner's dinner. If we condemn the unintellectual Indian for his sacrifices and his tabus, how much more must we pass under condemnation the Roman for his inhumanity, and the Catholic for his Inquisition; the one sinning in the full light of knowledge, and the other of both knowledge and revelation.



As Kiana had partially succeeded in placing the rites of worship among his sensuous people upon a cheerful and in a material view, an elevated footing, so the priests of these tribes had in every conceivable way augmented the terrors and demoniacal attributes of theirs, and shaped them into the likeness of a devil, called "Kalaipahoa," which combined all the ugliness their imaginations were capable of conceiving in a wooden idol, sufficiently hideous to have sent a thrill of horror even through Dante's Inferno. It was the poison god, and was made of a wood, which the priests gave out to be deadly poisonous. Its huge, grinning mouth was filled with rows of sharks' teeth, human hair in brutish curls covered its head, while its extended arms and spread fingers continually cried, "give, give," to the poor victims of its fears.

Such, in brief, were the chief objects of worship among these Hawaiians, whose habits in other respects offered a strong contrast to those of Kiana's people. Cannibalism, though not very common, was not rare among the most ferocious of the clans, but was restricted chiefly to feasts of revenge after contests in which all their cruel propensities had been fully aroused. They were given to the worst forms of sorcery, and their worship embraced such rites as might be supposed to be pleasing to their demon-idols. Always at war, either among themselves, or with their more favored neighbors of the north, their selfish passions were ever active, and their religion, based upon fear and the most abject superstition, but confirmed them in the vices most congenial to their natures. Kiana's subjects presented the aborigines of Polynesia under their most favorable aspect, but these tribes the other extreme of savage life. With both there were exceptions to the general character. There was, however, sufficient similarity between their traits to prove not only a common parentage, but that a change of circumstances would, in time, produce an alteration in the most prominent qualities of each. This actually occurred, nearly three centuries later, when the first Kamehameha united the islands under one sovereign. But even now the traveller perceives in the sparse inhabitants of these regions a less genial disposition than in those on the sea-coast, while it is among them that still linger most pertinaciously the traces of their former fearful worship.

Among their chiefs was one named Pohaku, who

had acquired by his superior courage and fierceness an ascendancy over all the others. He was dark even for a native; his hair short and crispy; his eyes blood-shot; nostrils thick and wide spread, and his lips heavy and full, showing, when open, a mouth in which great milky white teeth appeared like scattered tomb-stones in a graveyard; many having been knocked out in the various fights in which he had been engaged. His frame and muscles were those of a bull, and his strength prodigious. Brute force was his tenure of power, for with all the respect of the Hawaiians for inherited rank, he was so bad a tyrant, that nothing but a convenient opportunity had been wanting for them long before to have rid themselves of him. So malicious was his vanity, that he had been known to cut off the leg of a man more richly tattooed than his own. To mangle faces, whose beauty inspired him with jealousy, was a common pastime. Thankful were the possessors if their entire heads were spared. Even a handsome head of hair was sufficient provocation to cause the owner to be beheaded. To this malevolence he joined a mania for building. What with his wars, cruelties and constant consumption of time in his rude works, his immediate tenants had a hard service, so that it was not surprising that they took every occasion to desert to the territories of Kiana, who kindly received all who claimed his protection. Others retreated farther into the savage wilderness, and there became petty robbers, a further pest to the little industry that could exist under such a ruler, and on so precarious a soil.



A Hawaiian Chief

The whole population, therefore, bred to hardihood and tyranny, were ever ripe for every opportunity which would unite them in any enterprise that savored of danger and plunder.



CHAPTER XIV.

“He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.”

BACON.

TOLTA had not been idle since the shipwreck. The restraint which the presence of the Spaniards had hitherto imposed upon him, was now removed. He was rarely seen with them, and indeed often disappeared for weeks at a time.

Kiana had never liked him. Tolta felt it at heart and resented it. At the bottom of this feeling was no doubt the attachment both had for Beatriz. We have seen the nature of Kiana's; generous and profound, more from deep respect than from positive love, because in reality, while her character compelled, it at the same time repelled his passion. He had striven to win her, for he could not help it. In one sense, he was not disappointed at the result, because his reason told him it could not be otherwise. Having therefore obeyed both his own and her will, he now, in continuing his kindness, left her as free to act as himself.

It was different with Tolta. The Aztec saw even deeper into the impassable gulf between their two natures, but he was drawn to her with the

tenacity of the bloodhound to his scent. In her presence he was gentle and serviceable. The passions which excited him when apart from her, became with her like those of a little child. He would gaze upon her for hours with eyes intense with his fiery emotions, but the moment she spoke to him the fire left them, and the good in him illumined his countenance.

Beatriz read his character, and while from sympathy in his misfortunes she exerted herself to soothe, she never could so overcome her repugnance as to trust in him as she did in Kiana. With the latter she felt safe; with Tolta never. The very fierceness which he was ever ready to display in her defence, might at any moment be turned upon her. It was well that her instincts prompted her to distrust him as much as she did, for often the only barrier between them was her own moral superiority. Tolta felt this to be indeed a far stronger obstacle than would have been the jealous precautions of lock or duenna. The possibility of Beatriz loving him as he did her never deluded him. He knew that was hopeless. Still his passion rather grew than abated, especially in the freedom of his new life, which brought back the pride and ambition of his race. So long, however, as he saw that Beatriz did not love another, he was reconciled. She had so wisely avoided the subject whenever he sought to suggest his feelings, that he had all but persuaded himself that she was of a different mould from other women. She might be worshipped, but not sought in love.

He hated Juan and the seamen with all the intensity of an Aztec's revenge, for their share in the conquest of his country. Olmedo he had ever respected for his virtues, and would have exempted from the fate he cherished at heart for the others. In his excursions about Hawaii, he had come in contact with some of Pohaku's warriors. Gradually their intercourse had ripened into an intimacy with their chief, with whom he now conspired to overthrow Kiana and get possession of the Spaniards. So adroitly had he concealed his designs, that he had retained the friendship and confidence of all except a few individuals about him, for his manner was the same it had ever been. Their own consciousness of the opportunities he now had, and the provocation they had often given him, were more the causes of their secret distrust than anything they saw. His frequent absences were a relief rather than a cause of suspicion, for he was then forgotten.

He had no difficulty in obtaining a willing auditory to his plans in Pohaku, and the chiefs leagued with him. His inmost desire was to sacrifice the Spaniards to the war-god of Mexico, under any name his allies might choose from their mythology, and to gloat over their dying agonies, while taunting them with their fate as due their crimes against his countrymen. Besides this, seeing the brutal nature of Pohaku and the easy confidence of Kiana, he conceived the design of eventually disposing of both, by turning their arms against each other, while he gradually united all Hawaii under his own sway and forced Beatriz to become his wife. As

hopeless as seemed such a plot, it was within the range of probability could the wily Aztec dispose of the chief actors. To this end he now bent all the resources of his cunning.

Pohaku listened eagerly to his seductive eloquence as he promised him the wealth of Kiana's people, if he would unite his warriors under his direction. He excited his fears also, as he narrated the career of the white man in Mexico, insinuating that they were spies, to be followed by numbers sufficient for the conquest of Hawaii, as soon as their report should reach their countrymen in the ports whence they came.

At the suggestion of Tolta, some days before the declaration of Kiana to Beatriz, Pohaku had sent his heralds to summon the friendly chiefs to a grand council, at which the plot was to be finally discussed. They assembled at one of his principal fortresses on the southwestern bank of the crater of Kilauea, and there in silence and secrecy prepared their plans. Tolta knew too well the valor of the Spaniards, not to impress upon the chiefs the importance of securing them before marching in force upon Kiana. So artfully did he mingle his own revenge with their superstition, that they with one accord decided to seize upon them by a secret expedition entrusted to Tolta, who agreed to put them into their hands for a solemn sacrifice to Pele, on condition only that the white woman was to be his own prize. Accordingly, some of the most active and trusty warriors were placed at his command. By slow marches and secret paths he led them

without discovery to the borders of the valley where the Spaniards dwelt, dividing them into different ambushes, with orders to seize each one and bear him off at once to Pohaku's fortress, without taking his life, while he was to decoy the white men to them, and on each occasion make his own escape as if equally endangered. So successful was he, that the three seamen were abducted as arranged, without any alarm being given. Tolta then, with a select party lay in wait in the vicinity of Juan's dwelling, watching his opportunity to seize the main prize. Alvirez, he soon ascertained, was for the present out of his reach, being in a distant part of the valley.

While watching for Olmedo and Beatriz, he had been witness to the scene between Kiana and the latter. Without overhearing their discourse, he saw in their parting, as simple as it was, food for his jealousy, for he well knew that her hand and tear had never been given him. His tiger blood was stirred, and he ground his teeth in rage. "What," said he, "does she frown upon the Aztec noble, that she may smile upon this hind of Hawaii. Once in my power, and she shall be taught to love me or none."

He watched her after movements more in amazement than anger, for they were to him contradictory and unintelligible. Besides, until she was sufficiently far from her people, he dared not give the signal to seize her for fear of a general alarm; but not for one minute did he let her get out of his sight, following her movements under cover of the

thick undergrowth of the forest, with the silence and subtlety of a serpent. While thus engaged, a scene occurred which so astonished and fascinated him, that until he had seen it out, he seemed to have forgotten the object of his expedition.

CHAPTER XV.

“ Exalted souls
Have passions in proportion, violent,
Resistless and tormenting : they’re a tax
Imposed by nature in preëminence,
And Fortitude, and Wisdom must support them.”

LILLO.

WHEN Olmedo left his house under such excited feelings, he unconsciously followed the path which led to the grove where Beatriz was, and which he knew to be her favorite retreat. In his present condition of mind, she was the last person his reason would have counselled him to meet, but led by an inward attraction, without seeking the meeting, his steps took him towards where she had just risen from prayer. So distracted, however, was he with his conflicting emotions, that she saw him the first. It was too late to avoid him, which she would not have done had she been able. Conscious of the rectitude of her own desires, and pacified by her late appeal to heaven, she obeyed her impulse and advanced towards him. As he suddenly looked up and saw her within a few steps, a faintness came over him, and he was well nigh falling, but with a great effort recovering himself, he took her hand as frankly as it was offered.

Both were silent. Each felt the crisis of their fate had arrived. Nature, when her mightiest agencies are about to go forth in the hurricane, the earthquake, or the volcanic eruption, is for the moment breathless. So the human soul anticipates its most direful trials by utter stillness.

They walked on side by side, going deeper into the wood, as if to screen themselves from all the world. Yet neither knew why they did so, only it was a relief to be together and to be apart from every one else. Though not a word had been spoken, each felt the confession had been made, and they began to tremble, as did the guilty pair in Paradise when they first heard the voice of the Creator. Why should they tremble?

To love surely was no crime. That hearts like theirs should in meeting mingle, God had ordained when he first created man and woman. Whence, then, the thrill too deep for utterance that paralyzed their tongues? Beatriz was not a woman to shrink from the display of her own feelings. She was one rather to avow them, and meet the consequences fearless in her honesty. Olmedo had never before shrunk from speaking directly from his heart words of truth or admonition. Why, then, did these innocent ones act as if guilt was upon them? Because the Church had said to him, "thou shalt not love her whom God gave thee for a companion, and to her, thou shalt not be a companion to him." Thus man's forgery of God's will, making Him to say, "it is good for man to be alone," had given to each of these sufferers, who by his laws were mated in

love and sympathy in body and soul, for time and eternity, a false conscience which perverted their good into their evil. Much of theology is indeed a cunningly contrived system of man's to make himself miserable, despite the broad ordinances of the Creator, to be read in all his works, "to go forth and enjoy the world, to be fruitful and multiply, to love Him with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and "thy neighbor as thyself." Man will not be in his proper relation to his Maker, until he escapes from the dogmas and creeds of a conventional Christianity and walks with Him, as did Enoch, in the faith of that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

But man in his soul-progress can keep pace only with his age and opportunity. The duties he voluntarily assumes are still duties, though more light may have widened his own prospect. He is but a link in the vast chain of humanity, no one of which can be ruptured without affecting it through its entire extent. He is, therefore, to consider well before he acts whether in seeking his own personal gratification, or even in obeying the right instincts of his heart, he may not offend others, or do a general injury for a particular good. In all doubtful moral emergencies, duty says obey the higher law, or that which shows that thou lovest thy neighbor as thyself.

There is a blessing in the principle of obedience, springing from self-sacrificing motives, which, whatever may be the result in this life, is sure of its final reward. Duties, whether artificial or not, are the

moral diamond dust, by which our souls are polished. As we free ourselves from all selfish considerations in our relations with others, so shall our hope be converted into joy in the next life. It is well, therefore, to bear our burdens meekly and with courage here, that we may travel the lighter hereafter.

Olmedo was distracted between his vows and his desire. How could he to the simple natives recall his teachings and example as a monk, upon the one point of celibacy, which in him was now in such peril! Could they comprehend his recantation? Would not the little truth that had already begun to be understood among them, based as it was more upon their respect for one who showed himself superior to their ordinary passions, than to an intellectual appreciation of his doctrines, would not this seed even be lost, and the priest, tabued to women, be hereafter esteemed only as one of themselves? Besides, the doctrine of self-abnegation, or the crucifying of his natural instincts, which although his now more enlightened reason showed him could not be an acceptable sacrifice to their author, except in refraining from their abuse, still had a deep hold upon him, particularly as it was his own love that had just stimulated his mind to the full exercise of its freedom. He who had already sacrificed so much to an erroneous idea, could he not now complete the sacrifice for the sake of the good to others? Would not such a sacrifice to the principle of love to his neighbor, and of duty to his vows, be bread upon the waters, to be returned to

him at the end of time? Each heart had its schooling for eternity. The struggle to decide his future — his salvation had come. What was once right for him as a free man, was now wrong as pledged to a religion whose tenets had ever been his love and admiration.

Such had been his reflections. They had flashed through his mind and ten-fold more, with piercing throbs of conscience, as in silence he walked by the side of Beatriz with his eyes fixed on the ground, while his blood was beating time to passion's marches, and his affections yearned, nay, clamored to take Beatriz to wife. They had come to him with all the quickness and vividness with which the entire previous life crowds itself into the brief struggle of the drowning man. Speak he could not. His tongue was rooted to his mouth.

With Beatriz the struggle was different. She made no pretence to conceal what was longer impossible, but waited with quickened pulse and tremulous feeling, to hear him break the silence. His mental agony was perfectly intelligible to her. Without analyzing as he did the circumstances of their position, they flooded her heart like a spring freshet. It might break, but she would give no sigh that should tempt him from his holy allegiance. Once his decision made, her heart was wholly his, either to sustain him in duty, or to share his lot. With Ruth she would have said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." How long they wan-

dered thus, or how far, neither could realize, for every step was as if a millstone were tied to their heels. In their doubt and conflict the landscape, so joyous in itself, seemed overspread with gloom. The very sun, as it stole through the thick verdure overhead, shot upon them cold and mocking rays—light without warmth. Heaven was darkened, and the earth gave them no rest.

At last they sat down; Beatriz on a log, and Olmedo at her feet. Around and over them rose a rural bower, carpeted with soft mosses and canopied with vines, fragrant in blossoms and flowers. The birds warbled melodiously even at noon-day in this shady retreat. Near by, flowed a little brook with gentle murmurings, a vein of life coursing through the green sward, on its way to a torrent stream that thundered far below. Through an opening in the trees, mountain-ward in the far distance could be seen the glassy curve of the cataract which fed both. Rising from its mist, enclosing in its hollow the entire gorge from which it issued, was a perfect rainbow, forming a frame of wondrous beauty to nature's painting. On the opposite side, glimmering through the forests like a silver horizon, was the ocean, its waves sparkling and dancing in the bright sun as the fresh trade-wind swept over it, and, cooled by its breath, came stealing with soft notes and reviving breeze through every leafy cranny of the dense jungle. The quick darting, bright eyed lizards, crept out of their holes and played about their human friends, sure that they had nothing to fear from them. Adam and Eve

when they slept in Paradise, were not more alone with the communings of nature than were apparently this pair. A scene more soothing, since its gates were closed upon our race, the earth had never offered to mankind. Yet for a while it was unheeded, for the eyes of both were turned within; gradually, however, its beauties dawned upon them. They looked around. Beatriz first spoke. "Olmedo," she said, "does not God reign here? How beautiful is this landscape? how filled with repose; all nature is hushed in harmony. Why is it we alone are unhappy?"

As she said this her face lighted up with its wonted smile for him. She wished to chase away the gloom that darkened his brow. The appeal was irresistible. There was before him the rainbow, God's sign of hope and protection for man; there was her smile which for so many years, and through so many trials, had been the rainbow to his heart. Why should it be less now? Could he not learn to accept its spirit, without coveting her possession?

His heart melted. He laid his head upon her knees, and for an instant wept aloud. Their hands soon met, and were entwined; then their eyes—long and earnestly they searched each other's souls. All the tenderness and truth of natures, warm like theirs with humanity's deepest sympathies, poured forth responsive in that gaze. From her face, lighted with love's softest smile, bending over him with an angel look, as if it would pour into his torn heart all the peace, purity, and sacrifice hers contained,

there shone a celestial glow, which savored more of heaven than earth. Bright spirits were communing with them; spirits of love and joy. Alas! their lips meet, and in one lingering kiss, the first of love's passion either had known, was concentrated all the long pent-up affection of their two lives.

CHAPTER XVI.

“It is with certain Good Qualities as with the Senses; those who are entirely deprived of them, can neither appreciate nor comprehend them.” — LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THERE are some natures like the orange-tree, upon which the blossom and fruit meet at the same time. In their capacity for joy they receive more from one glowing, self-forgetting impulse, than colder and more calculating persons are able to gather in a lifetime. With such are generally permitted on earth only glimpses of ecstatic happiness, far-off sights of their promised land, the eternal future, through the never ending ages of which their affections and intellect shall steadily advance towards infinite Love and Wisdom, each emotion a new bliss, and each thought a deeper current from the infinitude of divine knowledge.

Who are those that realize their hopes on earth; here find their homes, content with the present and its material gifts, without heart-yearnings for deeper, truer, and more satisfying affections; without soul-strivings to penetrate the mysterious Beyond? Who are such? Through the length and breadth of every land myriads respond, “Give us a sufficiency of treasure on earth, and we will not seek to scale

heaven. Our loves, our lands, our gold and our silver, our mistresses, our wives and our children; our well-garnished tables and our fine houses; the riches for which our hands and minds labor, and which our hearts covet; all that we can see, feel, weigh and compare; the honors by which we are exalted above our neighbors, the fame by which our names are in the world's mouths; these are our desires. Give us abundantly of these that we may eat, drink, and be merry, and we ask not for more. This earth is good enough for us."

Do they have their reward? Yea, verily! as they sow, so they reap. Few there are who steadily give themselves to the pursuit of these desires, but receive houses and lands, honor and fame, meats and drinks, handsome women or fine men, such children as such parentage can give birth to, stocks in all banks but that of Eternity. There is no lack of wealth like this to the earnest seeker.

God is a provident father. He has created everything good of its kind, and bestowed self-will upon man that he might himself elect his manner of life. The standard of enjoyment for his own soul is at his own option, whether he will discipline it here for its higher good hereafter, or whether he will enjoy here without reference to that hereafter, the knowledge of which is suggested in some way or other to all men. Man is highly distinguished. For is not creation made for him? There is neither gift nor discipline but can be made subservient to his moral growth; to his conquest of the kingdom of heaven. There is nothing, also, but

may be transformed by sensual, selfish, short sighted desire, by his weaknesses or passions; by his false logic or falser ambition, into a morass of error, into which he will ever plunge deeper and deeper, unless he resolutely bends his steps towards the firm land of hope and faith that is never wholly shut out of the gloomiest horizon.

Just in proportion to the quality of the treasure we seek, is the degree of enjoyment that springs from its realization. All that belongs solely to earth has incorporated with it change, decay, satiety, fear, and care. These are warning angels, to urge the spirit to temperance, that it may not mar its capacity for nobler enjoyments. As they are disregarded, and man seeks only that which is perishable, he finds his pleasures pall and his appetites wane. Abuse extinguishes gratification. Want of aspiration towards the perfect development of all man's faculties leaves him a monotonous, abdominal animal, content with husks wherewith to fill his belly. There is no increase in store for him, because he can conceive of nothing better than what his feeble hands or vainglorious mind have gathered around him. Nature reads to him no moral lesson, because he uses her only as a slave, to administer to his material wants. He sees not that there is in all things a deeper principle than mere use for the body.

“A primrose by a river's brim —
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

The vital element that pervades all nature, unit-

ing it in a chain of harmonious progression, the eternal laws of which even his stolid spirit cannot ultimately avoid, however much he now seeks to bury it beneath the grosser particles of matter, escapes his perception. Guided only by his finite, perishable sensorium, in vain attempt to grasp at once the entire treasure, he often plunges his suicidal knife into the ovary which daily laid him a golden egg. Thus man destroys his own birth-right through brutal ignorance and sensual impatience. The truly wise count all things at their right worth, and find a sympathy in every natural object, in varied degree, according as it speaks to them the thought of a common Creator, and connects them in one common end. They have, therefore, a double enjoyment. First, that which springs from the right material use of every object or sense; secondly, the language which both speak to them of hope and faith in more refined enjoyments and more perfect conditions of existence. The very trials and incompleteness of present experiences are so many testimonies of future and nobler realizations. Thus God speaks as kindly through the so-called evils and disappointments of life, as through the more readily distinguished blessings; for if they see in the latter hope and happiness, so in the former they distinguish that chastening which, through paternal discipline, seeks to guide and strengthen.

Few situations could be more trying to moral firmness than the circumstances under which we left Olmedo and Beatriz. Free from all external

restraint of church discipline, with no censorship beyond their own consciences; reason and passion both pleading their right to be united; their past by its friendship casting a bright light upon their future and closer union; doomed to pass their lives, while still in the flush of life, away from all that had made other homes dear; twin exiles, each sustaining the other and now alone, amid a joyous seductive nature, every motion and aspect of which was pleading for love;—was there not in all this sufficient temptation to have overcome them? Neither were ascetic by nature nor principle. No two human beings, by organization, were better fitted to enjoy lawfully all the indulgences wholesome instincts and the tenderness of united hearts craved. The very restraint which former circumstances and the absence of love had produced, now that both were removed, but made them more susceptible to the reaction. We must not, therefore, judge that kiss too harshly. Less passion would have removed them from our sympathies. Now they have vindicated their humanity, will they be able to vindicate their duty? Duty as their religion taught them!

Olmedo's heart beat wildly. His face was flushed and fevered. He would have repeated the embrace, but something instinctively alarmed Beatriz, and she sadly whispered, putting her hand on his forehead, and looking directly at him, with an expression of affection and alarm, "You do not love me, Olmedo!"

Had the voice of the Almighty called to him, as

it did to Adam in the garden, a greater change could not have come over Olmedo. It was the voice of the Almighty in the pure soul of Beatriz, and it spoke to an answering conscience. He became breathless, pale, and faint, as the full meaning of those soft words pierced through his soul. They spoke volumes. His passion was quenched, and true wisdom descended upon him. In an instant he was another being, loving not less, but less selfishly—able to sacrifice indulgence to Duty, to her and to his faith; for he would not peril her soul through the entreaties of passion, or the pleadings of what might be selfish reason.

Holding her hand tenderly as might a father, he said, "Beatriz, my daughter in faith, thou art my saviour in action. Love thee! let me prove how I do love thee. I dare not think of what we might be to each other, were not I wedded to the Holy Church. No blessing will follow vows broken, because circumstances tempt. Help me to be true to my religion and to thee! Forgive my passion thou wilt, because thou knowest the strength of passion. Be to me sister, spirit-bride—all of woman in tenderness, love and friendship thou canst, and as I am true to thy confiding faith, so God deal with me. In his own wise providence and good time will he recompense our faith in Him and our love to each other. Had my passions overpowered us both, however much our union might have brought us pleasure, we should have sought to hide our heads in shame and confusion, as the conviction that we had purchased it by the violated

faith of a soul, consecrated to heaven, grew upon us. Heaven spoke through thee, Beatriz; angel woman hast thou ever proved to me."

Kneeling upon the ground, with Beatriz besides him, every passion harmonized by gratitude and hope and faith, Olmedo lifted up his head and said, "Father, I thank thee, that thou hast spared me this crime. Thine be the praise, and not to my own feeble will, which without thee, in the hour of temptation, thou hast permitted me to see is as a broken reed. I praise thee, I thank thee, Father, that thou hast pitied thy servant, and in saving him from error hast given him further opportunity for thy service and of getting wisdom. In creating man, thou has bestowed upon him affections for wise purposes, and I now see that thou delightest no more in their sacrifice than in innocent blood. I thank thee that I am a man; that I possess from thee the desires and aspirations for love eternal as the heavens, and that thou hast permitted me to find, even in my solitary profession, a heart which makes mine beat warmer, truer and better. May it ever be a strength and a support, and this love, which I now confess before thee, our Father, be a bond of stricter service and accountability for every thought and action, and finally unite us in spirit among the just made perfect."

Thus plead the Man with his Maker. In his aroused emotions, the formal language of priestly prayer was forgotten, and the genuine, sincere thought of the heart ascended freely and welcome to God, with nature's true eloquence. Does the

Great Heart not hear such prayers? Heart to heart and soul to soul make answer! When man conquers himself and ascends in spirit to his eternal home in the heavens, asking from God direct, life and light to guide and keep him through his earthly trials, the sympathetic voice of the entire heavens echoes his prayer, and repeats to him the assurance of aid. Prayer is to the soul what the plough is to the soil. It opens it to vivifying rays. As the disturbed water sends circle after circle, wider and wider over its surface, so in the moral world, each thought or action for good or evil, spreads likewise, and awakes throughout its infinity its circle of affinities. Angels rejoice with man in his rise, and fiends exult in his fall. Be cautious, therefore, fellow-man, for thou canst not calculate the extent of thy influence in either life.

Beatriz felt her power and her responsibility, and was troubled. Silently, but with deep earnestness, she followed Olmedo in his prayer. Both rose from that forest sanctuary dearer to each other, because there was now no secret thought between them. Each felt that the salvation of the other was a solemn charge from heaven.

CHAPTER XVII.

“How now ?

A foe ? What means this most unwelcome visit ? ”

KEMBLE.

By the time Olmedo and Beatriz had begun to retrace their steps to their homes, Tolta's hesitation had vanished, and he prepared to seize them. If his anger had been aroused by the scene between Kiana and the maiden, he was now furious with rage and jealousy at the discovery of the mutual love of Olmedo and Beatriz. Of their motives and resolves he could appreciate nothing. He saw only that they loved. Their devout prayer had astonished him, but that over, his imagination acted as a slow-match to explode his passions.

At a sign from him, his warriors stealthily encircled the two, and stepping out suddenly from their retreat, seized and bound them before they could either resist or effectually cry out. Tolta, unable to repress his satisfaction, walked up to Olmedo and hissed in his ear, “Catholic maidens are not kept solely for the dalliance of Catholic priests. You shall soon see her fonder of an Aztec priest than she has been of you, most chaste monk,” and he leered upon him with such a demoniacal meaning,

as for an instant to paralyze the speech of Olmedo, who almost fancied the devil himself had bodily entrapped him.

Soon recognizing Tolta, he exclaimed, "What means this violence? Are you mad? Release us, or evil will come upon you."

"Not so fast, monk, we have a journey to make first. I wish to introduce you to one who is as fond of Spanish blood as your countrymen are of Mexican."

"Do with me as you will, but send back Beatriz to her brother. She has never injured you," urged Olmedo.

"Beatriz is my prize, you are another's," said Tolta, with a look so full of dark insinuation that his captive shuddered, — not for himself, but for the maiden.

He would have again entreated, but Tolta fearing to lose time, ordered his men to gag him and drive him before them, while he whispered to Beatriz, "If you attempt an outcry, these infidels will kill Olmedo. His sole hope is in your keeping quiet." This he said with cunning forethought, and it had the immediate effect he wished, to keep her silent, for he dreaded the influence of her voice quite as much as he feared any alarm she could give.

Compelling her to walk before him, the party passed in single file through the forest in the direction of the mountain, till they reached its outskirts, and came to the more scantily wooded uplands. Here they were joined by another and larger band,

bearing a "manele," a sort of palanquin, into which Beatriz was placed, and borne rapidly on by four stout warriors, who were relieved each hour by others. In this way allowing no intercourse between the captives, but hurrying on at a dog trot by a circuitous course that took them away from the inhabited portions of the country, they made rapid progress for several hours without a halt or seeing any one.

Their course lay along the eastern and southern flank of Mauna Kea, which was then a wilderness, much broken up by precipitous ravines and irregular plains, dotted with groves of a beautiful species of laurel, whose pendant branches, with small dark green leaves intermingled with delicate white blossoms, all but swept the ground, affording by day a shade impervious to the sun, and by night not an unwelcome shelter. Not a word had been uttered by which either of the captives could get a clue to their probable fate. Each was most anxious for the other. At the same time both felt a certain degree of relief and even pleasure in their mutual presence, and had the choice to be free and apart been given to either, while thus uncertain as to their future, neither would have accepted it. Beatriz alone had some suspicion as to the object of Tolta in their abduction. Olmedo on the contrary, notwithstanding the dark hints of the Mexican, could not persuade himself that any real danger awaited either. Calm in his own soul-peace, he patiently bided a solution of the mystery.

As night approached, Tolta gave orders to en-

camp under one of the laurel groves. Being now beyond immediate danger of a recapture, Olmedo's gag was removed, and he was permitted to warm himself by the fire, which, at that altitude, was agreeable even in July. He was kept apart from Beatriz, each being under the charge of a distinct company of warriors. They were fierce, athletic men, quite capable of executing any orders their chief, — for such by the command of Pohaku, they now considered the Mexican, — might give, but at the same time they regarded their captives, especially Beatriz, more with curiosity than hostility. Her quiet, resigned demeanor, had made some impression upon them, and involuntarily they treated her with a degree of respect, that did not pass unnoticed by their crafty leader. He was not at all satisfied with himself, although his expedition promised such complete success. While away from Beatriz, he could plot against her honor and her brother's life without compunction, but it was quite a different thing when she was an unresisting captive in his power. Her apparent feebleness and moral security were more formidable barriers than an armed defence. She had not once appealed to him by voice, but her mournful look, excited rather at his treachery than her danger, recalled to him those moments which, under other auspices, had impelled him to peril his life for hers. Besides, he thought of Pohaku, and feared the effect of her beauty on his sensual appetite. He might claim the woman as well as the man, and how could he resist.

Having fully embarked in his career of deceit and revenge, Tolta saw at a glance he had gone too far to withdraw, for the fiery Juan would never forgive the insult to his sister, however lenient she might prove. The future began already to wear a different and more problematical aspect than it did when he first meditated his treachery. The apparent ease with which he had done so much, but magnified what remained to be done. In fact, his conflicting emotions all but paralyzed his evil energies, which threatened to leave him midway in his career an imbecile villain, sure to die like a torpid serpent from the blows of the first that discovered him. This hesitation arose from the influence Beatriz exercised over him, despite his jealousy, which at intervals somewhat cooled from having his rival in his power. He was therefore, restless, suspicious and wavering. While his captives slept peacefully on the rude couches of tapa and dried leaves their guards had prepared for them, he sat apart gloomily brooding over his projects.

It was clear star-light. Through the thick foliage an occasional bright ray at times found its way, as if to hint to his troubled soul there still was light for it if he would but look upward. But his eyes were either bent upon the ground, or peered out between the pendulous branches into the mysterious horizon around, out of which grew strange, spectral shapes, with long arms sweeping the night-air. In the daytime they were but common trees, like those under which he sat, but to him they now became demon ambassadors from his terrible war-god to

arouse him to vengeance. Through the overhanging branches, the chill breeze sent hoarse sounds as they chafed against each other, at times grinding heavily with a dismal noise like the crushing of bones, while the more distant trees responded with fitful shrieks or deep sighings as the winds by turns rose or sunk in varying gusts; now wholly silent, then swelling into a diapason that thrilled Tolta's heart with horrible fancies. Owls flapped their white wings, and lighted near by, hooting, with their great staring eyes fixed on him. Then gathered about him a chorus of furies that excited every passion to avenge his father, massacred by Cortez at the foot of the altar, on which still reeked a human sacrifice; his mother violated and slain by the savage allies of the inhuman Christian; himself, wounded and senseless in her defence, mangled and taunted by his Tezcucan foes, — but, but what? that *but* for the instant exorcised the vision, for it recalled to him that Juan, indignant at the wanton barbarity, had rescued him from their hands, and that Beatriz had bound up his wounds, and spoken to him the first words of kindness he had ever heard from the lips of a Spaniard.

Could he have forgotten this, he would have gone straight on to his revenge without a single soul-qualm. As it was, fortified by his jealousy, and impelled by the gathering force of reawakened passions, the struggle of personal gratitude became gradually weaker, until there was nothing between him and his victims, except the love which he felt for Beatriz, and which jealousy had now all but

turned into hate. From out of the gloom of nature around him, there spoke voices and issued shapes, kindred to all the darker purposes of his soul. Guatimotzin, his butchered sovereign, whose blood was in his own veins, called to him from his bed of hot coals, not to forget his martyrdom. The spirits of myriads of Mexicans slain by famine were waving their gaunt arms, and clawing with feeble fingers at him, while hollow voices muttered, "Avenge us, art thou not our kin?" and they pointed to the sleeping Spaniards, and wound their dark limbs over them in a death embrace. The flames of Mexico, once the pride and glory of the Aztec empire, now in ashes, burst upon his vision. He once more saw her towers and palaces glowing with heat and crumbling to the ground, while fire and smoke shut out the bright heaven above, and settled like a hellish pall upon his native city. His eye-balls became blood-shot as he strove to penetrate the darkness to gainsay his vision. It was in vain. Far into the deep shadow beyond, and high above him, there glowed a bright red spot growing larger each minute, with flames and smoke intermingled, and ever and anon there faintly reached him a crashing sound like the fall of heavy bodies from a great elevation. There was a reality in the sight he could not dissipate by reason, or by gazing. The longer he looked, the more true it became. At last, tired out by his watchings, he too sunk into an uneasy slumber, saying to himself as his original purpose, with renewed craft returned to him, "Away with doubt; I will obey your call, my

countrymen, or join you in the dark abodes whence you urge me to vengeance," — then mingling with his patriotic frenzy his personal desires, he added, "I will circumvent them all. The Spaniards shall be sacrificed, and Juan slain. Kiana and Pohaku must perish in the coming war. Olmedo and Beatriz shall believe that I have taken them away to save them. He shall die in attempting to escape, and she shall be rescued by me. It will then be time enough to use my opportunity, if she still resists my love. Alone! whom else can she look to? Chiefs and people all curse Pohaku, brute that he is. Many already hail me as their deliverer from his tyranny. Yes, love and revenge are both sweet to an Aztec. My parents' slaughter shall be avenged, and these sacrilegious Spaniards shall learn that an Aztec's hate never dies."

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ The spirits I have raised abandon me —
The spells which I have studied baffle me —
The remedy I recked of tortures me.”

BYRON.

As soon as day broke, Tolta recommenced his march. The route was difficult, but he hoped to reach Pohaku's fortress the coming night. They had camped well up Mauna Kea, and as the sun slowly lighted the landscape, sending his rays into the depths of that mysterious space which lay between them and Mauna Loa, it disclosed a scene that might literally be taken for the valley of the shadow of death.

Its mean elevation above the sea was about four thousand feet, gradually rising as it approaches the mountains on either side. Numerous streams of lava, now black and vitreous, and of great extent, having their source in the huge volcano opposite, glistened in the morning sun. Several of these lay in their direction, and they would be obliged to make their way as they best could over their jagged and distorted surfaces. At the distance they were from them, they looked like cataracts of ink. Amid them, and scattered thickly over the plain, were

small conical craters, regular in shape, and composed of clay and ashes. These gave to the region the appearance of being pock-marked on a leviathan scale. Whirlwinds swept frequently over the plain, taking up high into the air columns of fine sand, and dispersing it with furious and blinding gusts. There was neither water nor vegetation, except in the immediate vicinity of Mauna Kea, or a long way to the eastward. In their rear, but far above, was perpetual snow, though not in sufficient masses to make a conspicuous land-mark. Immediately beneath them were piles of basaltic rocks and loose stones, thrown together in abrupt heaps on slippery beds of gravel, with now and then soil enough to grow coarse grasses, and stunted cassia trees, whose yellow blossoms were the sole bits of bright color permitted by nature to enliven the general dreariness. Far away to the left the horizon was lined with forests, that rose on its verge like great green billows. Before them, somewhat to the right, was the gigantic outline of the lofty crater of Mauna Loa, whose immense base occupied nearly one third of the island, rising so gradually to its summit, as to appear in the distance like a huge dome, up whose sides a carriage might easily be drawn. The vast scale of its desolation may be judged of from its having on its summit, as already remarked, an active crater of nearly thirty miles in circuit.

As Tolta turned his eyes towards this mountain, he saw the bright red spot that had glowed so fiery in his late vision was not without foundation in

fact. The edge of the crater was to be clearly seen with not much more than its usual volume of smoke. At some distance below, however, there was a great rent in the mountain, out of which poured a stream of melted lava, rapidly making its way in an oblique direction between them and Kilauea.

His warriors saw it at the same time, and comprehending from their long experience in this region, the necessity of despatch, if they would not be cut off from the territories of Pohaku beyond, they set forward on their march at the top of their speed.

In compliance with his resolution of the previous night, to regain if possible the confidence of his captive, Tolta approached Olmedo and said, "We have far to go to-day. Forget my words of yesterday; I was angered to see the white priest embrace Beatriz. Had you remained where you were, you would have both been slain. More I cannot now say; but with Tolta you are safe, he will restore you to your homes when the storm is over. Confide in him. You are now free to talk with your daughter; but be cautious before your guards, for though they serve me well now, it is at the bidding of a greater chief than Kiana."

This artful speech confused Olmedo. He distrusted Tolta; but he knew enough of the artifice of Indian character, not to give himself blindly to the Mexican, and at the same time not to reject him outright; for whatever might be his motives, on him alone to all appearance depended the fate of Bea-

triz. Besides, he saw that he had him at disadvantage, from having witnessed his interview with her. This gave the wily Aztec an opportunity of injuring both in their most sensitive points, for he had learned enough of the sacred responsibility of a Catholic confessor to his female flock, to see at once his power over the priest. Whatever else Juan might forgive, he would be relentless towards the dishonorer of his sister.

Olmedo, therefore, coolly thanked Tolta, saying, "I trust, my son, no injury will befall us or our friends. Why not seek Juan? He is needed more than either of us to protect his sister, if there be the danger you imply?"

"Ask no questions now, priest. Later you will know all; Juan will be with you soon. I have provided also for him. He would have been here now, had he not been absent yesterday from his house. Go and aid Beatriz. Inspire her with courage. You will have need of all your forces this day. See how that lava gains upon the plain below us," and Tolta pointed to its red current which was rapidly flowing towards their intended track.

Olmedo parleyed no longer with the Mexican, but hastened to Beatriz, and related their brief conversation. "I much fear he is false to us all," added he, "but we have no alternative now but to follow his directions. We shall have enough to do to-day, to contend with the obstacles in nature that threaten us, for it is plain that he fears more the dangers behind him, than those in front. He will

not retrace his steps, — we must trust in God and go on.”

The voice of Olmedo was soothing to Beatriz, and with his presence she forgot her fears. Her anxiety for Juan was almost lost in her present joy in finding Olmedo free to be by her side, and she looked forward hopefully to meeting her brother as Tolta had promised. “I am strong, Olmedo, thanks to my rough journeys with the army. Never fear for me. Be Tolta true or false, our fates are bound up together, and the Holy Virgin will protect us ;” and she smiled so trustingly upon him, that he felt she was indeed protected by the Mother of God.

They had little opportunity to talk, because the way was so rough as to require constant care and great exertion to prevent the warriors who bore the “manele” from falling. As their own lives were to be the forfeit should harm befall their prisoners before they were delivered to Pohaku, they were most cautious to preserve them from injury from the stones which frequently came rolling down the mountain, set in motion by the haste with which they clambered over them. Their activity, however, prevented any accident, and in a few hours they arrived at the less rugged plain, where they halted near a spring of water, from which they replenished their stock, as it was the last they could hope to fall in with during the day.

But little rest was allowed. Tolta was afraid of pursuit, while his men were even more fearful of the volcanic eruption. The immediate outbreak was now hid from them by an intervening ridge,

but the smoke and explosions continued to increase very perceptibly. Their course was for the present more rapid, as it was on comparatively level ground. The soil being of loose ashes, was, however, fatiguing to the step, except where the smooth lava rock cropped out. Over that they could go at a quick pace, and thus make up for their previous slower progress. Such scanty vegetation as this district afforded was soon passed, and they came upon the region of dead streams of lava, emphatically known as clinkers. Some of them were several miles in width, and tried the endurance of the party greatly. As it was impossible to carry Beatriz farther on the "manele," it was abandoned. They had now to climb over huge fragments of lava, of obsidian hardness, and as sharp and brittle as glass, continually breaking into minute pieces that frequently cut through their sandals, and wounded their feet, so that their course might have been tracked for some distance by blood. Tolta had provided against this contingency by spare sandals, otherwise his expedition would have been crippled midway — equally unable to advance or retreat. Olmedo lifted Beatriz over the roughest passages, assisted by the stoutest warriors, who, on several occasions, caught him and his burden just in time to save them from severe bruises. None escaped some injuries, for it was often necessary to crawl for short distances over steep masses so slippery and friable, as to cause many a slide and fracture, ending in cut limbs. Imagine all the slag from all the forges and glass factories, that have

ever existed, thrown confusedly on the ground, in pieces from the size of hillocks to that of peas, shivered into every variety of pointed and cragged fragments, and an idea of the highway over which they were now making their way may be formed.

To add to their delays it began to rain, and by the time they had got to the smoother ground beyond, a fog set in, so dense as to obscure the landmarks by which they had hitherto been guided. The oldest warriors were now at fault. After wandering for some time at random, the fruitlessness of such exertions compelled them to stop. So many hours had been consumed in disentangling themselves from the clinkers, that it was nigh dark. There was no remedy but to seek the best camping spot the locality offered. Tolta ordered several couples of the men to explore about them in different directions, keeping within hail of the main party. In a half hour they returned, and reported having found a cave on the edge of a dwarf Ohia wood. To this they went, and with a fire made themselves tolerably comfortable. With the refinement, in which the Aztec nobility were bred, Tolta screened a portion of the cave for the sole use of Beatriz, and with tapa mantles made for her not an unwelcome retreat from the storm without and the rude men within. Olmedo was permitted to remain near by, but Tolta kept beside him. The rain poured in torrents and made its way through the roof, wetting the floor, while the smoke from the fire with difficulty escaped into the open air. Yet, amid all this discomfort, Olmedo offered up his

evening prayer, Beatriz joining in the usual hymn, with a voice that seemed to the stilled warriors to come from another world, so melodious was it even to their dull ears, in contrast with the barbarous chants of their own women.

The captives found it difficult to sleep in the confined air of the cave, which grew more hot and stifling as the fire died out. Occasionally fatigue overpowered them and they dosed; but they were oftener awake, from a restlessness they could not account for, and which kept their senses in that dreamy, vague condition, which neither admits of perfect consciousness nor salutary rest. At intervals a hoarse blast, and a dull heavy roar, like the sudden escape of vast volumes of ignited gases, startled their ears. Several times the cave trembled as if in an ague fit; once so violently that a loosened rock fell near the guards and caused them all to start up. For a few seconds they staggered like sea-sick men, but recognizing the breathings of the volcano, with which they were familiar, they merely ejaculated, "Pele is sporting to-night in the fire-surf," and laid themselves down again to sleep.

At the earliest light all were on foot for a fresh start. The rain had ceased, but the atmosphere was lurid and heavy, and respiration more or less difficult. They found themselves upon a knoll of considerable dimensions, lightly wooded, and surrounded by a sea of lava, over which they could not see far on account of the smoke and steam arising from it in all directions. During the night a fresh flow had spread itself over the clinkers they

had passed the day before. It was now so hot and vaporous as to cut off all retreat in that direction.

As the wind at times dispersed the smoke, they caught glimpses of the fountain-head of the stream, apparently some fifteen miles from them, and about half way up the mountain. It was not a violent eruption, but poured out at short intervals, with roarings and tremblings of the earth, huge masses of molten rock of the hue of blood, which descended rapidly towards them. In spots it suddenly disappeared, emerging at some distance, and continuing its course with renewed rapidity. This was caused by its meeting with an obstacle it had not sufficient volume to overwhelm, but was driven to eat its way underground, forming galleries, which, when cooled and emptied of the lava, leave caves sometimes of great extent and intricacy. This alternate appearing and disappearing of the crimson fluid amid the surrounding blackness, gave it the look of the glaring eyes of huge basilisks watching in desert caverns for their prey. At times it leaped precipices with a furious, fiery plunge, scattering its hot spray on all sides, rock and forest alike recoiling from its destructive touch, shivering into a thousand fragments, or melting with the fervent heat, and swelling the consuming tide.

The progress of the torrent towards them was so rapid, as to leave but little time for reflection. It was gradually rising all around, and threatened to submerge the knoll, which as yet had escaped. Many of the trees on its skirts had already been crisped and blackened with the heat; some had

fallen, the trunks being burned off near the ground, while the branches lay unconsumed, on the lava stream, which cools and hardens very rapidly, presenting a surface often sufficiently strong to bear a man's weight, even while the crimson current is flowing underneath. This fact was suggested to Tolta by his men as the most likely means of escape. Indeed none other seemed to offer.

Accordingly, they sought the stream in the direction in which it was narrowest and firmest. Ten of the warriors spread themselves out in the form of a fan, sounding their way with their spears as if on ice, for fear of air-holes, and to test the strength of its surface. The remainder of the party followed, more or less apart, with great caution, holding their breaths to lighten their weights. Their feet were protected by rough sandals, and bits of wood strapped to them, from the lava, which was in spots still so warm as frequently to raise blisters. Where it had suddenly cooled it had split up into deep chasms, raised cones, and twisted and cracked into every variety of shape. It was therefore with the greatest difficulty that any progress could be made. They persevered, however, when a sudden crack was heard, and at the same instant a shriek of agony. The foremost of the warriors had trodden upon the thin crust where it had been puffed up by the air, and, being as brittle as glass, it had broken and let him down into the liquid lava beneath.

Appalled by his fate, the whole party halted. To go on was impossible, as it was evident they had

reached the extreme verge of solid lava. All beyond was either fluid, or so densely covered with sulphurous vapor, that it was sure death to advance. They retraced their steps without a minute's delay, and it was none too soon. A fresh wave of lava was fast descending towards them, and setting the crust on which they were all in motion. Suddenly a vein of red lava showed itself in a narrow chasm, over which several of the warriors had already leaped. At the same moment, detonating gases were heard near by, and then louder explosions, from which the air was fast becoming impregnated with deadly vapors. Beatriz, sinking from their suffocating effects, faintly said to Olmedo, "My father, I can go no farther, — my strength is all gone."

He had been sustaining her for some time past, and felt himself scarcely stronger, but roused by her danger he seized her in his arms and was about to leap the fiery chasm, when he stumbled and partially fell, with both their weights overhanging its brink. Quicker than thought the men nearest seized them, and, before a word could be uttered, by a violent effort they had cleared the chasm, but not before all were slightly scorched by the heat which flickered above it. They had scarcely time to leave the spot before it discharged a stream of viscid lava, which pursued them coiling and twisting after their footsteps like a wounded snake. As it was an easy matter to outrun this, they soon got back to the knoll, which now rose like an island above the molten flood.



The Hawaiians, breathless with their efforts, sat down and gazed hopelessly upon the rising lava. A dense poisonous smoke was gradually narrowing their horizon all around and slowly approaching, leaving no hope of escaping suffocation, even if they were spared a more immediate and violent death. Their position was far worse than to be on a burning prairie, for fire can then be made to fight fire as the ally of man. Here all nature was melting before the heat of the eruption. At any instant the solid rock on which they sat might surge and toss like the waves of the ocean, in blazing, gory-hued billows, while of themselves not one particle of matter would survive to disclose their fate. The fast increasing heat soon drove them to the centre of the hill, where sheltered by a pile of stones they had a moment's respite.

Tolta, leaving his men, searched everywhere for another chance to cross the lava, but was driven

back, scorched and faint, to the knoll. "Am I to die here like a scorpion encircled by fire?" said he, in a rage at his futile efforts. "Was it for this that I have plotted vengeance, and to possess Beatriz? Juan to escape, and she to die with me the death of a dog; curses upon Pele and her demon crew! Great god of Mexico, if thou art not thyself become a slave to the Christian's God, save thy servant!" and he shook his fist at the hot lava in the fury of his despair.

CHAPTER XIX.

“This inhuman cavern —

It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.

————— no place safe but this ! ”

COLERIDGE.

MUTUAL terror forces hostile animals into peaceful companionship. Under its influence the wolf lies down as quietly beside the lamb as if in the kingdom of love. The extremes of faith and education produce in man under threatened, speedy death, much the same outward result. Pohaku's warriors, bred in cruelty, and believing only in malignant deities, viewed their fast coming fate with sullen indifference. So long as there was hope in their exertions they were ready to show themselves men, but when death looked them right in the face, they were equally ready to proffer their breasts to his stroke without further struggle. Their instincts taught them that as life was beyond their control, so was death. He was a foe they could not conquer, neither should he triumph in their fear. Thus in his ignorance and unbelief the savage meets the great change with an insensibility, which, in its outward calm, rivals the faith of the Christian.

Having abandoned hope, they sat stoically re-

garding the rising tide of lava, — seldom speaking, for it was a scene in which nature, uniting them by a common feeling, made speech useless. The air grew hotter each second. Puffs of steam issued from the rocks near by. At times a thick cloud of suffocating vapor swept so close to them, that they were obliged to hold their breaths until it passed.

Olmedo and Beatriz, with their hands joined, calmly awaited their end. As the danger drew nigher they shrunk closer together, each impulsively seeking to shield the other.

“How terrible this is, Olmedo, to see earth and air on fire,” said Beatriz to him, in a voice scarce above a whisper. “Look, it will soon reach us.” She shuddered and was silent for a minute, but recovering herself, added, with her eyes seeing only him, “it will be sweet to enter heaven together, will it not, my more than father?” She thought of him now only as the being who had awakened in her faith and feelings, which made her look forward with joy to celestial freedom.

“Yes, my daughter, this is indeed a terrible sight. Nature perishes like a scroll in the flames. The last day has indeed come upon us, and we shall soon see the Holy One and his Saints. Have no fear. As we have fought the good fight, so shall we be welcomed into the joy of our Lord. But my soul faints for these poor heathen, who await their death with such unconcern. Would that I could even now baptize them into the true faith.”

In the meantime Tolta had returned from his fruitless endeavor to find an avenue for escape. In

his anger, he had cursed the gods of Hawaii and denied his own, from whom no succor came. More enlightened and cultivated than the Hawaiians, with a moral conviction of the superior truths of the Catholic faith, yet hating it for the injuries it had brought upon him and his country, Tolta was filled with distracting emotions. The Spaniard's deity might even now save them, as he had ever shown himself so much more powerful than his own, but he disdained to call upon him, and the very sight of the crucifix which Olmedo wore filled him with fresh anger.

He felt that his treachery had brought this awful fate upon those of all the Spanish race, who had never done him evil. This was a source of misery to him, but far weaker than that which sprung from having his hopes baffled by so unexpected and lingering a death, which in releasing his victims, consigned himself to the accumulated horrors of his own and the Christian's hell. Oppressed by these thoughts, believing but contemning repentance; seeing that just retribution was seeking him out, yet bidding it defiance; sorrowing, not for his selfish passions, but for their defeat, he crept back despairing, and laying himself down close to the feet of Beatriz, said to her, "We shall all burn together. You will go to the Virgin Mother and I to darkness, —to despair,—to any hell that shall release me from the sight of the hated white man—curses upon them all," and covering his head with his mantle he shut out all outward objects, and remained as motionless as if turned to stone.

Olmedo made no appeal to him, comprehending its uselessness, but turning to the warriors, spoke to them of a brighter world which awaited them if they would trust in the Christian's God and be baptized. "Renounce your demon idols and call upon the Saviour this represents," said he, holding up his crucifix, and pointing to a calabash of water, added, "you can be baptized and saved even at the last hour."

"We have offended Pele," one of them replied, "and she dooms us. No one can escape her anger. More powerful is she than your deity. You and your god will soon be but ashes. See how she rides the air, spouting fire in her anger! She comes, she comes!" "*auwe! auwe!*" and a mournful and prolonged wail, like the death-song of the Indian, burst from their united lips, as a shower of hot cinders began to fall so thick and fast as to obscure the little light that had reached them through the smoke, which the wind had hitherto in a considerable degree kept off.

"The cave, Olmedo, the cave, — quick, quick!" cried Beatriz, grasping his hand to urge him forward. Tolta started up at the call, like one retouched with life, and the three were soon under its shelter.

The warriors remained as Olmedo last spoke to them, either not hearing the cry of Beatriz, or preferring to meet their death like soldiers at their posts in the open air. Their wail continued to be heard to the latest moment, rising from a low monotonous, tremulous note of suppressed suffering

into a prolonged chorus of muffled shrieks, that fell upon the ears of Beatriz and Olmedo like the last despairing cry of humanity, and thrilled their hearts with horror. For an instant it made them regardless of their own safety, and they turned back a step or two, calling upon the warriors to follow, but the burning ashes fell so fast that they were immediately driven still farther into the recesses of the cave. Their ears were ringing with the dismal wail; the effect of which from sheer sympathetic force, is to enhance the bitterness of grief and paralyze joyous emotion, so that the listener is changed into the mourner, despite his own indifference to the cause. In this case, the sensibilities of the priest and maiden were the more acute from their own participation in the dangers which were bringing a lingering death upon so many of their number, added to their inability to render any assistance. Doubtless the stupefaction from the poisonous gases, with which the atmosphere was laden, added to their own exhaustion from previous efforts, aided to make the warriors so indifferent to their fate. No one replied to the call of Olmedo, or even to the authoritative voice of Tolta, who had at last roused himself at the clearer perception of their situation, and with reawakened energies was prepared to continue his exertions to escape.

It was impossible for them to remain near the mouth of the cave, so they lighted some torches of the kukui nut, and proceeded to explore it. "We may find it deep enough to screen us from the lava and fatal air," said Olmedo. "Here are the remains

too of our last night's provisions, which those poor heathen left here this morning. Alas! for their souls! Come, Beatriz, you shall yet see Juan. Eat a morsel to sustain your strength," and he gave the example, more to persuade her than to appease his own hunger.

Tolta scowled at the confiding smile Beatriz gave to the priest as she complied with his advice, but he ate also, and the three found in the short respite from the sights and sounds of the outer air, helped as it was by much needed food, a renewal of mental and physical energies which surprised them. It seemed as if they were aroused from some oppressive dream.

The extent of the cave tempted them on. It descended at first somewhat abruptly. At the distance of a hundred rods from the entrance the passage grew narrow, and was partially choked with stones, which had fallen from overhead. By some labor the two men cleared the way for Beatriz to follow, and they found themselves in a large chamber, where the air was quite fresh in contrast with what they had been breathing for hours past. This revived them still more. The roof was covered with stalactites of great size, and had the appearance of having been long undisturbed. Occasionally a slight jar was perceptible in the ground, and a low warning sound of disturbed elements was heard. They were encouraged to go on by finding both decreased as they advanced. Once, only, there was a shock so severe that they paused in stupor, fancying that the rock above them was being crushed

in. But, with the exception of a few loose stones that rattled down, no harm was done. Evidently the eruption was either abating, or they were get-away from it. Still to wander at random in an intricate cave, which might at any moment bury them in its ruins, or become a living sepulchre by tempting them away from one danger to meet the still more horrible fate of starvation in utter darkness, for their food and lights could not last much longer, were not thoughts at all calculated to raise their courage.

Something, however, tempted them to keep on. So long as they were in action, hope buoyed them up. Owing to the frequent turnings of the cave, it was impossible to have a clue as to their real direction. It was a series of halls or rooms, some of which were lofty and spacious, joined by long, tortuous and low passages, at times so barricaded by rocky debris as to almost arrest further progress. Tolta, however, was indefatigable in clearing a way through them, as he was the first to explore, while Olmedo and Beatriz waited his report.

Upon emerging into a larger hall than the others, they thought they heard the noise of running water. It grew louder as they approached the farther end, where the torches showed to them a stream, which directly crossed their path. It appeared to issue from the solid rock, but their light was so faint it was impossible to discern anything clearly, except the quick flow of the black waters before them, while not far below they heard a roar and dash

as of a cascade or a rapid descent among rocks and chasms.

Here, indeed, was an obstacle undreamed of. Fire cut off their retreat on one side, and water their progress on the other. Beatriz, already well nigh exhausted, said to Olmedo, "We can go no farther. Tell Tolta to save himself if it be possible. He can swim and may find his way out, but we must remain here and await our fate. Let us by prayer prepare to resign ourselves to what must now soon come. With you I shall have no fear of death in any shape."

Beatriz no more thought of the possibility of Olmedo's leaving her, even if he could escape, than she would have consented to have left him to perish by himself. It never occurred to her, therefore, to urge him to an effort without her.

"Beatriz, my long loved one, my more than daughter in faith, if die we now must, we will be one in death as we have ever been in our lives. But take courage, we are not to perish so. God has not brought us thus far, to abandon us. I hail this water as a happy omen. What say you, Tolta?"

"When water comes it must go. Rivers do not long flow underground. They love light as do the trees and flowers. I will see how the other side looks," replied the Mexican.

Holding his torch above his head, he waded in. The water was warm and sulphurous and refreshed him; but it soon became so rapid and deep as to require all his skill as a swimmer to prevent being

drawn too near the gulf, whose warning roar was heard not far below. Beatriz and Olmedo watched his progress anxiously, for fear he might be drifted into the rapids, but his light soon showed by its steadiness that he had reached ground on the farther side. A few minutes of suspense ensued, when suddenly he shouted, "We are saved! we shall soon see daylight!" and plunging into the water again, pushing something before him, he was quickly back. "See," said he, "here is a log hollowed out into a rough canoe. This cave must have an outlet near by, for I see that the natives come here to bath and sport by torch-light. Hurry, and you shall see for yourselves the traces of their presence."

Beatriz, at the direction of Olmedo, who could swim, placed herself on the log with her feet in the water. It had scarcely buoyancy enough to support her weight, but with Tolta on one side and the priest on the other keeping it upright, she was ferried safely over.

It was as Tolta had said. Fragments of food and other tokens of a recent visit were strewn about. The air also was purer. With lighter spirits they went on, over an easier path than the one they had traversed, and in about twenty minutes began to see glimmerings of light. After climbing a steep and narrow ascent, the mouth of the cave came in sight, and they shortly found themselves in the open air.

For a few minutes they were unable to discern objects distinctly, but as they became able to look

about, they saw that they were some distance from the line of the eruption which was still active, but the wind now blew its smoke and gases from them. The country was wooded, and for this region fertile. It had suffered much from the vicinity of the lava stream, the vegetation being either killed or wilted by the heat.

CHAPTER XX.

“A smile amid dark frowns! A gentle tone
Amid rude voices — a beloved light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight!”

SHELLEY.

NIGHT being close at hand, the rescued party lost no time in leaving the vicinity of the torrent of lava, hoping to find a path which would bring them to the food and shelter which they so greatly needed. Tolta knew he was within the immediate territory of Pohaku, and was desirous to meet some of his people, to make sure of his captives, who were now quite as able to exert their wills as to the course they should take, as he his. But they were wholly ignorant of their position, while he began to discern familiar landmarks. The recent danger which they had all incurred and escaped together, occupied the thoughts of Beatriz and Olmedo, more than the outrage which had led them into it, so they made no opposition to the direction he prepared to take.

This led them at first obliquely towards a stream of lava, which was still running at about two miles from them to the northeast. For some time their path was comparatively smooth. But at intervals

it was crossed by crevices in the earth, some of which were so wide that they were compelled to make long circuits to get round them. The air from them was quivering with heat, and filled with noxious gases. Tolta was frequently obliged to leave his companions in order to explore the ground, which became, as they advanced, more and more cut up with chasms, whose depths the eye often could not reach. Had it not been daylight these fissures would have made their present position scarcely less hazardous than their confinement in the cave, for at every throe of the crater they threw out jets of steam, and filled the atmosphere with poisonous fumes. Once or twice they came upon them so suddenly, that they were obliged to cover their heads with their mantles, and rush through the vapor at full speed. Fortunately they proved to be but puffs, which required but an instant's exertion to emerge from.

Beatriz had grown so faint and fatigued as to be forced often to stop to gather breath and strength. On one of these occasions Tolta had gone farther from them than usual, in search of the path which he hoped to strike, and which led direct to Pohaku's fortress. Not finding it, he was returning in another direction, when his progress was stopped by a broad chasm, which poured forth so hot a blast as to singe his clothes and crisp his hair, as he heedlessly looked into it. Jumping quickly back, he followed its edge in search of a spot narrow enough for him to leap across. In doing this he came upon the path he had been looking for. It led through

low bushes which partly hid it. He was about taking the shortest track back to where he had left Olmedo and Beatriz, when his eye was caught by a human form stretched lifeless upon the ground. Going towards it, to his surprise he recognized one of the warriors whom he had sent to capture the three Spaniards. It was plain that he had been stiff and cold for some hours. Not far from him he found the entire party, with the three Spaniards bound and lying on their backs, in the centre of their guards. One by one he felt of them to detect life. There were no signs of external violence on their bodies. Each lay apparently as he had fallen asleep. The faces and limbs of some were slightly contracted, showing that they had become conscious of their danger, when powerless to escape. All were dead. They had encamped too near the chasm, and, during the night, by a change of wind, the fatal air had been blown upon them, and they had perished in their dreams to a man.*

“Pele balks me every way—the foul goddess! may she be blasted in her own fires,” muttered Tolta, as he turned in angry mood from the scene. “She leaves me only those I would not sacrifice. I hate the priest, yet I would he might die by other hands than mine. Pshaw! why should I feel tenderness towards that puling monk! Who so stands between me and Beatriz as he? But while Juan lives I have much to do. This is no sight for

* This is not fiction. A large party of warriors once met their death in this way, while others of their company, encamped not far off, escaped.

Beatriz and Olmedo to see. I will send and get the heads of the Spaniards. In death even they shall be present at the feast which was to have been their sacrifice. May their souls rot in everlasting darkness."

Joining Olmedo and Beatriz, he led them into the path by a course which kept their eyes from the fatal spot. "Hasten," said he, "we shall shortly find succor."

"Beatriz needs it much," replied Olmedo; "see with what effort she sustains herself."

"Oh! say not so, Olmedo. I am still equal to any exertion. The hot air made me giddy for a moment, but now the fresh breeze revives me." But her action belied her words, and she would have fallen that moment if Olmedo had not caught her.

"Tolta, you have greatly erred in exposing this maiden to these dangers. What tempted you to such a wrong to one who never gave you offence. The blood, too, of those heathen warriors, does it not lie heavy on your soul? You have made a sad day of it?" said Olmedo to the Mexican, more in grief than in anger, as he helped Beatriz to reach a grassy slope on which she could recline.

"Ha, priest! you reproach me with this day's work! Am I a god to control the volcano? Come with me a few steps, and you shall see from what you have been saved." He grasped Olmedo's arm, and led him to the group of the dead. "You and the maiden you love, chaste monk," continued he with artful sarcasm, "have escaped this. Had I

not borne you off, these soldiers would have seized you, and if they had spared Beatriz outrage, it would have been for you all either to have died together, like dogs, poisoned by the gases of the volcano, or they would have carried you as prisoners to their chief, who awaits your arrival even now, to offer you in solemn sacrifice to Pele. He has sworn to exterminate you Spaniards, and Kiana's power will be but smoke before the wind in contact with his. All of you I could not save! Have I reason to love a Spaniard?"

Pointing to the corpses of the three seamen, he added in a seemingly friendly tone, "They have been spared such torture as even we Mexicans, skilled as we are in tormenting our enemies, never learned; for Pele's worshippers are fiends. Reproach me not with their deaths, for it was given to them in mercy. You and the maiden are my benefactors; for your sakes I will save Juan also, if it be possible. You must go with me. Follow my directions, and you will be safe. No more words now. If you would keep Beatriz from further harm, cease to chafe me."

Returning to where she sat, they again slowly pursued their journey. As Tolta hurried on in advance, Olmedo whispered to Beatriz, "I much fear the Mexican intends evil. I would not wrong him, but I do not like his words, and his eye often gleams as if the evil spirit of his race were aroused within him."

He did not tell her what he had seen, but merely added, "Watch, and beware of him. He can do

us much good or ill. Now we can do but little for ourselves. 'The blessed mother of God will not desert you, rest assured, my beloved daughter.'" Even with his arm about her waist she walked with difficulty, while her head frequently drooped heavily upon his shoulder.

"I have no fear, Olmedo, for myself," she faintly replied. "We have together too often looked upon death to shrink from it now as a stranger. To leave you, would make me indeed sad, but with you,—God forgive me if my heart sins in saying so,—it would be most welcome? But look, who comes here?"

As she spoke, a crowd of natives, of both sexes, drew nigh from a cross path. They did not see the party until they were close upon them. Tolta was at once recognized, and giving him the customary







Hawaiian Girl.

"*Aloha kealii*," 'love to you chief,' they turned in surprise towards the white strangers. They had heard of the Spaniards, but knowing nothing of Tolta's expedition, were amazed to find these strange beings in their midst. Forming a circle around them, they gazed curiously and timidly at Olmedo and Beatriz, now and then venturing to touch their clothes and feel of their persons, but evidently with no unfriendly intent.

The party was composed chiefly of women and children, who had been enjoying themselves in wild dances. A few young men, hardly beyond boyhood, were with them, but no warriors.

Tolta ordered some to lead the way to their village, while others were sent on in advance to prepare food and lodging for the strangers, who he said would be their guests for the night. As they began with alacrity to fulfil his orders, a maiden of not above fourteen years, accompanied by a train of her own sex, of more mature age, and who showed her great deference, came up. As soon as the crowd saw her, they made way submissively for her to approach the whites.

No fawn could tread lighter than she trod. Every motion was lithe and elastic. Her limbs were full and tapering, beautifully proportioned, and her flesh soft yet springy. With so few summers she was mature in person, having in this climate attained thus early that perfection of physical development, which marks the most seductive period of woman. The fineness of her hands; the tapering fingers and nicely adjusted wrists; the velvet softness of her

clear olive skin, and through which the blood could be distinctly seen underlying it with richer color; and her proud, yet graceful carriage, showed that she belonged to the highest rank.

She was indeed one of Nature's pets. Her face was open and sunny. To one who rigidly exacted the fineness of Grecian outline in each feature of the face, some fault might be found with the fullness of the lip and nostril. But this was so slight that it was lost in the generous loving smile, laughing, sensuous eye, — sympathy in the joyful and beautiful which sparkled in her countenance. This, with a consciousness of rank, and a dignity which had never suffered from the passions of rivalry and ambition, made Liliha, — for such was the name of the maiden, — a specimen of natural loveliness, which the salons of civilization might not excel, except in the acquired refinements of intellectual life.

She wore on her neck a wreath of rich yellow feathers. Another of gossamer lightness, the effect of which was increased by alternate rows of crimson feathers, was interwoven with her long dark wavy hair. Over her delicately moulded bosom was thrown a loose white mantle, which hid her form as the foam conceals the wave, but to heighten its beauty.

She was no less surprised than her people at the apparition of the whites. Tolta she had heard of as the companion of Pohaku, but had never seen him. "Who is it that gives orders in my presence," she asked somewhat haughtily, as she stepped forward.

Tolta advanced to greet her, and made himself known. Acknowledging his claim to her aid by the tie of allegiance to the supreme chief, she coolly repeated his orders, as if through her only they should be given, and then with courteous manner turned to Beatriz, took her hand and said, "You are welcome. Come with me; the daughter of Hewahewa will be the friend of the pale maiden."

Beatriz looked her thanks, and simply said, "My father needs your hospitality too. We will gladly make your home ours until we can return to our own."

Tolta kept silent. It was dark before the party arrived at the abode of Liliha, which was in a considerable village, pleasantly situated in the centre of one of the few verdant spots to be found in that region. Olmedo was allowed to occupy one of the best houses, where every attention was shown him. Liliha led Beatriz to her own habitation, where she was received with true Hawaiian hospitality. At a signal from their mistress, her waiting women made her up a couch of the finest mats, and before retiring they so refreshed her by their gentle, soothing manipulations,* by which the pain was drawn

* *Lomilomi*, as this process is called, is peculiar to Polynesia, for the Asiatic shampooing is but a rough substitute. In Hawaii it was an art, and as much a necessary rite of hospitality to the fatigued traveller, or even of luxurious pleasure, as the wine cup in Europe. By it, commencing with almost imperceptible pressure, from the softest hands, every part of the body was gradually submitted to gently increasing force, until each muscle was kneaded and each joint stretched and cracked, and the whole frame, with fatigue removed and endowed with fresh vitality, was lulled into slumber or

out from her wearied limbs, that she was soon able to sleep soundly.

recruited for fresh exercise. The Hawaiian Sybarites had invented a pleasure unknown to the Roman. The latter, to have the greater capacity for gorging at their feasts, were wont to prepare themselves by emetics, but the more ingeniously sensual savage first eat his fill, and then resigned himself into the hands of skilled and meretricious women, who, by their ingenious substitute of artificial action of the muscles for natural exercise, hastened digestion without the trouble of locomotion to the effeminate Hawaiian, and by a most deliciously sense-exciting and restoring process, prepared him for fresh gratification of his appetites. In this respect we need not regret that the refinement of the art has departed from Hawaii, but the voyager who has once experienced it in its genuineness, cannot but prize its virtues.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ Give her but a least excuse to love me ! ” — R. BROWNING.

“ But he

Can visit thee with dreader woe than death's. ” — E. B. BROWNING.

As soon as Tolta had seen his captives disposed of for the night, he despatched a messenger to Pohaku, requesting a few warriors to be sent him. The fortress was but twelve miles distant, so that before daybreak the men had arrived. Taking every precaution not to let his movements be seen by any one who would communicate them to Liliha, he entered the house where Olmedo was still sleeping, and told him he must rise and follow him.

“ Nay, Tolta, I will not leave Beatriz,” said Olmedo, firmly.

“ She will join you immediately,” replied Tolta. “ Up, priest, if you would save yourself and her.”

“ Whence this untimely haste, Tolta ? The poor child now rests. To you we owe the perils and fatigues of our abduction. I will trust you no further, but remain amid these friendly natives until Juan can learn where we are.”

“ Ha ! do you brave me ? It is time then to throw off the mask ! Have you forgotten, monk, that you

are in the power of the son of an Aztec priest, slain by the sacrilegious hands of your countrymen? Priest for priest, — life for life, — my father's blood cries for thine, — to-morrow's sun will set on your sacrifice. No more shall you hold fond dalliance with the white maiden. She is my spoil."

"What mean you, Mexican? What words are these? You rave! You cannot, — you dare not injure Beatriz! Nay, — you seek to alarm me. It is a jest, — is it not, Tolta? Your heart will not let you ruin that pure being, whose life has been a good gift to you as well as me."

"Silence! I can listen no longer to this babble. We must be off. A Mexican is not wont to be moved by the tongue of a Spaniard."

Olmedo started up and looked around for some means of defence, but before he could even call for help, Tolta's men, at a signal from him, had seized and bound him. Taking him upon their shoulders in silence, they left the house and rapidly bore him towards Pohaku's quarters. His mouth and eyes being bandaged, he was unable to cry out or to obtain any clue to his route. They hurried him on, and early in the morning, bruised by their rough handling, he found himself deposited on the ground apparently in a house, and there left by himself.

Tolta had now obtained one great object, which was to secure Olmedo in the fortress, while Beatriz, equally in his power, was removed from the immediate presence of Pohaku.

Hewahewa, the father of Liliha, was the high-priest of Pele. Second only to Pohaku in authority,

he was his superior in influence, from his position as the chief minister of the goddess. Himself a skeptic, believing in none of the grosser superstitions of the people, and using them merely as a source of power, he was indifferent to everything but his own ambition. His lands were the best cultivated, and his tenantry the most favored of all this portion of Hawaii, because being tabu, the wars and anarchy which so generally prevailed spared them. Rigorous in conforming to all the rites of his fearful worship, he expiated his external hypocrisy by inward contempt. But his mind, though intelligent, had never conceived any purer system, and only busied itself in scheming to turn the national mythology to his individual profit. He was the rival of Pohaku, but for the present coalesced with him. Not being of the highest blood, he was obliged to rely for his influence mainly upon his increasing importance as a priest, but was slowly making his way to supreme rule, aided much by the tyranny of Pohaku, to whose capricious cruelties his studied suavity and mildness afforded a contrast greatly to his advantage. Liliha was his only child. He loved her tenderly, and by this tie only was he connected with true humanity. No other being had sufficient influence to move him to any action not calculated from selfish policy. She at times made him susceptible to feeling by her impulsive nature, so prone to joy and kindly emotions, from her affinity with all she found fair and good. This was little at the best, but she kept that little fresh and active from her own fountain

of affections, and it appeared brighter and more winsome from the dark shadows about her.

She was the idol of her immediate attendants, and though capricious from unregulated authority, yet they had nothing to fear. Her father, so far from seeking to instil into her mind the vulgar faith, left her free to her own intuitions. She believed in the beautiful and sublime nature she so loved to look upon, and felt there had been given her in it a varied and limitless source of enjoyment. Not that she reasoned much upon anything, but she was so quick to recognize all that was innocent and virtuous, under the circumstances of her life, that her heart and mind were ever developing in the right direction. Her religion, therefore, was not the result of thought, but the spontaneous action of an untrammelled soul, that instinctively attracting to itself good in preference to evil, spoke the faith in actions which it was powerless to frame in words. She knew nothing of a personal God, yet, had any one explained to her his existence, she would have listened as if it were nothing new, and rejoiced in a higher mental satisfaction than she had before realized. Quick to perceive, she had acquired from her father, almost without his will, his disbelief in the demon origin of the terrific phenomena of nature in their vicinity, and looked upon them as fearlessly as upon the placid ocean or the tiny sea shell. Why should she fear? Had she not been born among them? Like herself, they were the creation of some unseen power, who ruled all! So her few years had gone by kindly

and lovingly, with health coursing in every vein, and happiness overflowing her heart.

As soon as Tolta had secured Olmedo, he hastened to announce to Pohaku his success. That grim chief was not in the best humor upon learning the death of so many of his warriors, by the new flow of the crater. "A poor exchange this, is it not, Hewahewa," said he turning to that person; "so many of our fighting men for this foreign priest and his woman. But let us see the prize that has cost so much."

The three passed to the hut in which Olmedo was confined. His bandages were removed, and he found himself in their presence. Pohaku looked at him as he would have at a strange animal, and marvelling at his long robes and the effeminate air they gave him, said to Tolta, "You Mexicans must have been less than women to have been conquered by such a race as this. Would you have my warriors fight them? I have a mind to tie you to him and toss you both into the crater. Kiana would have been a prey worth a legion of such as this long-robed, pale-faced she."

Tolta's hand nervously sought the dagger he wore, but prudence restrained him, and he quietly replied, "The Spanish chief has for the while escaped. He will soon enough give you a chance to feel his stroke in battle. Till then spare your taunts. Their priests are women in looks, but devils in deeds. If you would see the faces of their soldiers, look there," and he tossed out of a

bag before him the ghastly heads of the three Spaniards.

Even Pohaku was surprised at their long grisly beards and fierce faces, scarred by wounds, and bronzed by a score or more of years of constant adventure and warfare. "These may have been men," said he, "but my soldiers would have soon rolled their heads in the dust," at the same time kicking them scornfully, not choosing to remember that some of his best warriors had within the past year fallen by their blades. "Guards," he added, "take this carrion away, and put it up over the eastern gate of the fortress,— 'twill be a fit target for our boys. As for you, puny priest, you are destined for Pele. Thank your gods you are to be so honored."

"Chieftain," replied Olmedo, "the God I serve will protect me living or dying. I am indeed a man of peace, but fear not the sword. Death has no terrors, for it opens to me a heaven, such as your idolatry can never know. In your delusion and ignorance you are to be pitied—not me. You shall see how calmly a Christian can die. Perhaps it will lead you to ask what it is to be a Christian."

"I will tell you what it is to be a Christian, Pohaku, for none know better than my countrymen," broke in Tolta. "It is to rob, to murder, to burn, to ravish, to lie, to torture, to destroy the sacred images and break down the altars of the gods; to demolish towns and to waste fields; to breed famine and pestilence. All this, for gold and conquest, have the Spaniards, cursed be their mothers,

brought upon Mexico in the name of their god, and this will they bring to you, O chief! Even if you welcome them to your bosom, as did our sovereign, Montezuma, they will imprison and spurn you to your death, or they will broil you on hot coals as they did the emperor Guatimotzin, to make you confess riches that you have not. Yet they say their god is merciful and full of love. See, here is the lying image," and snatching the crucifix from Olmedo's neck, he handed it contemptuously to Pohaku, who, putting it curiously to his ear, said, "It does not talk. How does it give you power to do all this? Pele thunders and destroys. She speaks, and we listen. She is silent, and we fill her with gifts to buy her good will. But this bit of wood is dumb. Pele eats the ocean and the earth,—mountains and rivers she swallows. She is a dread goddess, and must be worshipped or we perish. Here, take your god," added he, disdainfully flinging it towards Olmedo, "to-morrow we will give Pele a rare meal. You and your god shall she feast upon."

"Hold, chief!" cried Olmedo, excited by his sacrilegious act, "the mercy you refuse you may shortly need. This image is no God, but it represents the Son of God; his words of peace and love will fill my heart and rejoice my spirit, when your false Pele, with all her thunderings, is dumb in my ears. God made the volcano, and at his bidding it sleeps or overflows. Cease to bow the knee to Pele, and pray to Him, and you shall learn such truths as shall make you live on earth in peace, and welcome death with joy."

"Ha! white priest, do you despise Pele?" replied Pohaku fiercely, and seizing Olmedo by the arm, he dragged him outside the house to the verge of the precipice, which looked down upon the crater of Kileuea.

That immense circle of dead lava, now known as the black ledge, which contracts the active portion of the crater to a circuit of a few miles, was not then in existence. The whole pit, embracing an area sufficient to contain the city of New York, was in commotion. From where Olmedo looked, the height above the fiery mass was about five hundred feet. It had undermined the wall of the crater, so that it overhung the sea of lava, as the Table Rock does the cataract of Niagara. Immediately beneath him, therefore, lay the lurid cauldron. Its heavy, sluggish waves, of deep crimson, surged against the banks with a muffled roar, as unlike the glad sound of surf, as a groan to laughter. Occasionally a thick black crust formed over the surface, like a huge scab. Then this would break asunder, and bright red currents of liquid rock appear underneath; whirlpools of boiling blood fusing everything they touched into their own gore-hued flood. Huge masses of solid stone were vomited high into the air, and fell hissing and sputtering back again into the depths of the fiery gulf, to be again cast forth, or melt like wax in a ten-fold heated furnace. Lighter jets of lava were being thrown up, sometimes in rapid succession, and sometimes at long intervals, which filled the atmosphere with red hot spray and steam, and

gases, blown hither and thither, and whirled about like the sands of the desert before a simoom, by the furious blasts of wind that swept with mingled moans and shrieks across that lake of hell, and through its glowing caverns and out of its black pits. Overhead hung a dense cloud, gradually spreading as it rose, until it enveloped all the region of the crater. The smoke of its torment, like a pall, covered the cancerous earth, to screen its throes from the light of the sun.

Coming so unexpectedly upon a spectacle of which he had heard only vague accounts, Olmedo, at first sight, forgot both himself and his enemies in awe. It was indeed a fearful spectacle, beautiful even in its terror, exciting all that was appalling in the imagination, and fascinating the eye as by a spell. The solid earth was passing away in a flame, and would soon be as a vapor. Olmedo felt as if he were the sole spectator. The wreck of matter lay before the last man. Such was his immediate sensation, from which he was rudely roused by Pohaku's hoarse voice crying, "How like you this lake to swim in? You shall bathe in it before to-morrow's sun sinks behind yonder forest. My people shall see if your god will carry you unharméd over Pele's billows of fire. Meantime, feast and be merry, for the goddess likes a full stomach," and thrusting him back into the house he left him.

Tolta lingered behind. Approaching Olmedo, he whispered in Spanish, "Would you save yourself from this death?"

"My life is the gift of my God," he replied.

“ His will and not that cruel chief’s will determine my fate.”

“ Have you forgotten Beatriz so soon ? How would she feel to see your form shrivelling and writhing as it plunged into that boiling lava ? Think of her, priest.”

“ Wretch, you dare not tell her this, much less make her witness such a horror ! ”

“ I dare not ! Know that Tolta dares anything for his revenge, and to glut his desires. With you it lays to save yourself and her from this fate. Pohaku has summoned his people to a solemn festival, before he strikes at Kiana. He is furious that the three Spaniards should have escaped their intended sacrifice. Think you he will spare Beatriz when he sees her ? She either dies on the altar or by his lust.”

Olmedo for the instant was dumb with anguish at the threatened fate of Beatriz. But clinging to the slightest hope of rescuing her, as he recovered his voice, with hands clasped in an appealing gesture towards Tolta, he eagerly asked, “ How can I save her ? Oh, gladly would I ransom her life with mine. Tell me, good Tolta ; by the love your bore your mother, by your hope of heaven, tell me, Mexican, and the prayers of gratitude, and all that a chaste maiden and a Christian priest may do, shall be forever yours. She saved your life amid the ruin of your native city — you rescued her from drowning, but not for this fate. Let her not perish now, and thus ” — Olmedo paused for an instant, as his imagination pictured to him with the force

of reality, all the horrors that encompassed her for whom he plead; big drops of agony came upon his brow as he met the cold, fierce, lustful eye of the Aztec fixed unmoved upon his, while the same wily, implacable look, born of his deepest passions, overspread his pitiless features which he had noticed once before, and now, as then, involuntarily shuddered to see; but the stake at issue was the honor and life of his daughter in Christ, and so he plead on. "No! you cannot — you will not suffer this; the hand that has fed you, nursed you, the heart that has cared for you and your eternal welfare, when all others were cold; the tongue that never spoke to you but in love and kindness, — surely you will not harm them? Look, Tolta, Olmedo the priest, the friend of the Mexican, — your father was a priest, — Olmedo on his knees beseeches you to save the white maiden, to restore her in all honor to her brother; take my life as a ransom for hers, if your vengeance must have life, — will you not, Tolta?"

Olmedo became silent, and dropped his eyes to the ground, then raising them for a second towards heaven, he ejaculated in Spanish, as he met the relentless gaze of Tolta still fixed upon him, "Mother of Christ, soften the heart of this heathen, — save thy lamb from the wolves that beset her. If there be no escape prepared, sustain and fortify our spirits until their hour of final deliverance has come."

As he finished his prayer, Tolta grasped his arm and said to him, "Now listen to me, Olmedo. I

would save Beatriz, for I love her — start not — yes, the Mexican dog dares love the Castilian maid, loves her with all the fiery, quenchless passion of his race, as noble and proud as her own, and, till the Spaniards came, as victorious. I saved her from the ocean because I loved her. I have borne insult, oppression, slavery, the fierce words of Juan, and even a Christian baptism from you because of this love. I have been faithful to the Spaniard when revenge was offered me until now, because I love Beatriz. Would you know how much I *love* her? — as deeply as I *hate* her nation. She must become mine. It is in your power to accomplish this. You are her confessor, and you will she obey. Persuade her to be mine, and you shall be free, Juan warned, and even Kiana be spared the slaughter now ready to fall upon him. I can easily fool this brute Pohaku, and lead him into the destruction he richly deserves. Speak, priest, will you not make her my wife to save her, yourself, and all you love, from destruction ? ”

More in sorrow than in anger at his blindness and confessed villany did Olmedo reply to him. “ Life is dear to all of us, but our souls are dearer. Willingly would I do all but violate my conscience and her truth to save her a single pang. You know not a Christian woman’s heart. She mate with you ! the dove seek the nest of the hawk ! Never ! Beatriz would die a thousand deaths first. Oh ! Tolta, is it for this you have played the traitor ? Were I to name the price of my safety, she would spurn me, as I do you, for the thought. Tempt me no further.

Repent of this wrong before it be too late, or you will learn that though you may imprison the body, the spirit escapes your bondage. Destroy her you may, but you cannot dishonor a Christian maiden. Her soul will defy your wiles, and we shall meet in Paradise. No more! I will hear no more of this."

Tolta could as little comprehend the lofty motive of Olmedo in refusing to abase Beatriz's purity, by merely hinting at its sacrifice, as a door of escape from bodily torment for either himself or her, as could Pohaku the spiritual strength of his faith in contrast with the thunder and lightnings of Pele. Unmoved by his reply, he sneeringly said, "I give you till night to think of this. After the moon rises it will be too late," and left him.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Be just and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be

Thy God's, and Truth's; then, when thou fall'st,

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.”

SHAKESPEARE.

HEWAHEWA had been a silent witness of the two interviews. His curiosity was excited by what Olmedo had said of his religion to Pohaku, and he desired to know more of a faith so new to him. From the first, Tolta had been an object of jealousy and suspicion, as likely to cross his own ambition; but the wily Mexican in winning the confidence of Pohaku, had also paid such court to him, in his character of high-priest, that he could find no positive cause of distrust. He had supported his schemes, therefore, because they enlarged his own field, relying upon his own cautious and calculating policy to reap the harvest of which the other two would sow the seeds. Without comprehending a word of what had passed between the Mexican and Spaniard, the deportment of the latter, as he rejected Tolta's double treachery, attracted his attention, and he determined to know for himself the actual relations between them.

When Tolta left Olmedo, Hewahewa went out

also, saying to his associate, "Thanks, Mexican; a rare festival you have provided for us to-morrow. An offering like this is a new event in Hawaii. Sweet will be your revenge. May Pele prosper you," and touching noses, according to the national mode of salutation, they parted.

No sooner, however, was Tolta fairly out of sight, than Hewahewa retraced his steps to Olmedo's prison. The guards were his own men, because the prisoner was in his custody, preparatory to the solemn rites of the next day. He alone, besides Tolta, had the right of access at any hour, for the victim once consecrated to the gods was tabu, but permitted to feast, if he could, in view of his terrible destiny.

Olmedo was on his knees, with crucifix uplifted, praying for strength for himself, and that Beatriz might be spared the fate to which she seemed doomed. "Not our will, but thine be done, our Saviour and our God; yet if this trial and death be necessary that we may enter Paradise, O grant that I, the enlisted soldier of the cross, may alone bear the torment. Accept my sacrifice, Queen of Heaven, pity and save thy daughter. Let not these heathens triumph in her agony, but take her peacefully to thy bosom, Virgin Mother," and his eyes overflowed with grief as he thought of his utter helplessness to aid her. With his prayer, however, a calm gradually came to his spirit. It could not be called hope, but it brought peace, and renewed his trust in divine aid. A demeanor so unlike the dogged despair, or frantic fear to

which he had been accustomed in his victims for the altar, surprised the high-priest, and imbued him with a respect for his prisoner, that he had never before felt for any one. Olmedo was so wrapped in his own emotions, that his entrance had been unnoticed. Tapping him on the shoulder as he still knelt, Hewahewa said to him, "You pray then, brother priest. Who to?"

"I am an unworthy servant of the Holy Church. Have you heard of the Christian's God? I pray to Him."

"Nothing but what Tolta tells. He must be more fiendish than is our Pele in her anger, if he delights in such deeds as your countrymen have done in Mexico. But I believe in neither. There is no God but what we make for ourselves. Tell me your thought. I would know what makes you so calm, in sight of a death so terrible?"

"Willingly. First tell me, who created Hawaii?"

"I know not. It sprang from night or chaos, so our bards say," replied Hewahewa.

"Something from nothing. Do you believe this? Where does a man go when he dies?"

"Back to night, or everlasting sleep."

"Then, you think, that man and the earth came by chance out of nothing, and return to nothing?"

"That is my thought. We must make the most of life. There is no other. I believe in what I have, in what I feel and see, but in nothing more. Death finishes all. Do you not fear to go back to nothing?"

“If I thought as you think, I should. But the earth you love, and the life you covet teach differently. Can the canoe live on the ocean without a pilot? Does the taro ripen without the sun? Think you that this earth drifts at random in space, without a hand to guide it? No! the Supreme Being made this world and man to dwell therein. He has made also a heaven for the good, and a hell for the evil. He governs all, and sent his Son ages gone by to tell us there was eternal life, and we should be happy or miserable as we obeyed the commands he left. Among other things, he told us white men to go abroad over the earth and tell to all nations the glad tidings. I am one of his soldiers. But we carry no arms. We fight not, we teach as he taught, and if we are put to death, we pray for those who kill our bodies, that they may believe as we do. Then will they see that death is but a portal to a more glorious life. There are bad men among us white as among you, who love evil and commit the crimes Tolta tells of. Our mission is as much to them as to you. We preach love and faith in the Great God to all, and it is because we know that he will receive us into Paradise that we dread not death.”

Much after this manner did Olmedo talk to Hewahewa, who listened attentively to words which opened to him new trains of thought. He felt a desire to save him from his impending fate, that he might hear more. But the whole population were assembling to witness a sacrifice such as had never before been offered in Hawaii, and he dared not

disappoint them. Besides, Tolta and Pohaku were not to be easily balked. Musing for a few moments he abruptly said to Olmedo, "I would see more of you. You must not die. I will provide a substitute; give me your garments for him and you shall be secreted, while the howling mob will think you have been thrown to Pele."

"Not so! I would not purchase my life at the expense of an innocent victim. I thank you for your intended kindness to me, but this must not be."

"Are you mad? What is the life of a slave to you! He will be but too much honored to take your place. Refuse me not. I am determined on this."

"Never! My religion forbids even evil thoughts, much more deeds. Free me if you will, for that I would be most grateful. But you know not the spirit of a Christian, if you think him so base as to purchase his safety by a crime."

"Strange being, what means this? Soon the sacred drums will sound, and the criers announce that the solemn festival has begun. Then it will be beyond my power to make the exchange. Yield before it be too late. Hast thou no daughter, no wife to live for?"

"Daughter! alas I have a daughter. Think of me no longer. Take her from the toils of that Mexican, and I will even bless you, and pray the Son for you in heaven to which I am going. She would despise me, more if possible than I should myself, could I accept my life on your terms. Men-

tion not that again. Have you a daughter? I see by your face you have. By the love you bear her, as you would not have her dishonored by a villain, or see her a mangled corpse, save her. You can: will you not?" and he grasped the hand of Hewahewa and wrung it in his anguish.

He had struck the only chord of feeling in his gaoler. "Where is this woman," he asked; "for your sake I will see her."

Olmedo then detailed their capture and subsequent history up to the time he was violently separated from Beatriz, and finally the offer of Tolta to redeem them both, and his contemplated treason to Pohaku, provided he would assent to his designs upon her. Hewahewa listened eagerly to every word by which the thread of his rival's projects was unravelled to him. He now saw clearly the game he was pursuing, and without betraying his intention, simply said, "If not too late, I will do as you wish. She shall be a sister to my daughter. Courage. Farewell."

CHAPTER XXIII.

“And priests rushed through their ranks, some counterfeiting
The rage they did inspire, some mad indeed
With their own lies. They said their god was waiting
To see his enemies writh and burn and bleed,
And that —— Hell had need of human souls.”

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

WE left Beatriz sleeping, watched over by Liliha, who with true kindness had forborne to ask any questions, but had confined her hospitality to administering to the bodily needs of her guest. As she believed Olmedo to be equally attended to, and both now in comparative safety, it is not surprising that her slumbers, after the excessive fatigue and excitement of the few past days, should have been long and deep. Liliha herself came often to her, to see that she was comfortable, and to be the first to greet her when she woke. After it was light and her household had begun their daily employments, she sat constantly by her side, watching her with mingled curiosity and love, for she was attracted to her by a feeling she had never before experienced. Beatriz now stirred frequently, and her lips moved, but she did not open her eyes. She seemed agitated by distressing emotions, and often spoke as if to some one she loved, but in a language strange to her watcher.

At times, however, there came words of earnest pleading, succeeded by a resolute and defiant tone, as if she struggled with an enemy.

To calm her inquietude, Liliha gently took her hand, pressing it for a while with soothing caresses, and then softly whispered in her ear, "Have no fear, dear stranger, much love Liliha bears to you."

Beatriz slowly opened her eyes, looking at first with surprise upon the young girl, but as her memory brought back the scene of the preceding night and her young host, she smiled and said to her, "I cannot thank you enough, kind maiden. You have aroused me from a painful dream. Forgive me if my recollection was somewhat confused."

Liliha returned her smile, with a look full of gladness, saying, "You will now be better. Your sleep was long and deep until the day dawned. Liliha is your near companion; will you not be hers?"

"Most gladly," replied Beatriz. "You can indeed be to me a friend. I have sad need of one." She then briefly related her history to Liliha, who listened in amazement at the narrative, which carried her ideas so far beyond the horizon of her own little world.

"You then are the pearl of Hawaii, of whom I have heard my father speak; the beautiful, pale-faced woman whom Kiana was to wed; Lono's sister. Glad is my heart to welcome you," and she jumped up and beat her little hands with joy at the thought that she had at last met with such a

companion and friend. "But," added she, "tell me what fate brought you here with that dark stranger. He comes often to see my father. Much I fear him, and hate him too. His presence portends trouble, I am sure, for since he has known him my father leaves me more than ever. He goes to that ugly fortress, but never takes me with him. But he will be glad to know that I have found a sister. May I call you so?" and the bright-eyed, affectionate girl seized both Beatriz's hands in hers and looked up so winningly and hopefully, that Beatriz felt she must take her at once to her heart; a singing bird ever there to nestle and cheer her with sweet song.

Beatriz continued her narrative, at least all but what her heart held as too sacred for human confidence, and which indeed would have been unintelligible to the untutored forest-girl, whose bosom as yet had known only her own simple impulses, which to her nature were like the sweeping of the summer breeze over a lake, gently stirring its surface, but leaving its crystalline depths unmoved.

She comprehended that Beatriz felt like herself towards Tolta, and loved Olmedo, who was a priest, as she did her father. Her active sympathies were therefore at once enlisted in her new friendship by a common bond of feeling. As Beatriz concluded, she said, referring to Tolta, "He is a bird of evil, but no harm shall reach you with me. My father is high-priest, and will protect you from him. Let us send for Olmedo, and talk together."

Beatriz had been longing to see Olmedo, but

delicacy had prevented her from expressing her desire. She therefore joyfully acquiesced in the proposition of Liliha. Calling one of her attendants, the chief bade her request the presence of the white priest. She soon returned with the information that he had disappeared.

"And Tolta," demanded Liliha, "where is he?"

"Gone also," replied the messenger.

"Then he is upon some evil errand. Hasten and inquire of my people what this means. Who knows about it! Send out runners in all directions to seek the strange priest. Off, off," said Liliha, enforcing her order with an imperious gesture to all her train.

Beatriz's heart sank within her. But controlling her emotions, she calmly awaited farther intelligence. Meanwhile Liliha comforted her with the assurance of her friendship and her father's assistance.

They had not long to wait before several of her people returned with the tidings, that a sacred festival had been proclaimed for the morrow at the temple at Kilauea, and all the people invited to witness a new and solemn sacrifice to Pele. Every chief also had been summoned to attend with his warriors in readiness for war. Some important event was in preparation, which the heralds would announce before the sacrifice. But the news that most touched them was, that a boy in returning home at an early hour of the morning, had passed on the road to Pohaku's fortress, a band of armed men carrying a prisoner, clad in a strange costume.

"It is Olmedo," said Beatriz, as the truth flashed

across her mind, "they are bearing him away to be sacrificed. My friend, my sister, cannot we save him? I will go to him and share his fate. Aid me as you would act for your own father."

Dismissing her attendants, Liliha replied, "My father charged me not to follow him to the fortress without his express orders, and never has he permitted me to witness the offices of religion. But we will go there and appeal to him. I am sure he will grant my wish. Kind he is ever to me. But you must not be known by my people. In disguise we will go together." So saying, she summoned four of her "bosom companions," as were called the most attached and trusty of a chief's retinue, and confided her intention to them. With their assistance the needful disguises were soon arranged, and the little party, taking a by-path to avoid observation, began their journey to the fortress.

With an object so dear in view, Beatriz felt equal to any emergency. Eager to serve her new sister, Liliha entered fully into her zeal. As they drew near the fortress, they met parties of women and children and bands of warriors, hurrying forward in the same direction. All were so bent on arriving early at their destination, that our travellers attracted but the customary salutations, with now and then the inquiry, "Have you seen the strange priest Hewahewa is to offer to Pele to-morrow? It will be a novel sight." At these ominous inquiries, Beatriz shuddered and drew closer to Liliha, who at times barely refrained from indignantly bidding them cease their exultation, for her father would be

guilty of no such breach of hospitality. "Has not Olmedo eaten beneath his roof;" she would say to Beatriz, "how then can he slay him? The laws of Hawaii forbid. Believe them not. Take courage." As they passed one group of decrepit women to whose bony hands young children clung, scarcely old enough to totter along, but yet able to keep pace with the faltering steps of the hags who led them, Liliha could restrain herself no longer, and in her usual tone of authority, bade them "begone to their homes, and not leave them to glut their dim sight with the agonies of a horrible death. Their own would soon enough be upon them." Not recognizing the young chiefess, they shook their lank arms menacingly at her, and croaked out, "So, so, my gay bird, you would look on it alone! Old eyes love new sights as well as young eyes. You go fast enough now, but your bones will crack and your flesh will wither like ours before many suns. You'll know then what a treat 'tis to see Pele fed. Come, come, don't keep us back," and they twitched the little ones at their sides in impotent effort to make them go faster.

Luckily Liliha was out of hearing before they had finished their sentence, and thus was spared the temptation to reply. In company with a motley crowd, her party arrived at dusk at the western gate of the fortress, and entered unnoticed amid the throng. Numerous companies of warriors, with their arms and provisions, and headed by their hereditary chiefs, had assembled and were encamped apart from each other, both within and without the

stronghold. Knots of these fierce men, intermingled with women and children, were gathered around orators, who were exciting their passions to war and plunder, and to whose eloquence they replied by shouts and yells and thrilling chants, brandishing their weapons and deriding their foes. There were many fighting women among them, the most ferocious of Amazons, whose cries and gestures were the wildest of all, as they indulged in imaginary triumphs, and danced and raved by torch light in maniac groups, or flying hither and thither with dishevelled hair and distorted countenances, sought to inspire the spectators with their own savage emotions. Priests were discussing their singular good fortune in the propitiatory offering they had secured for Pele in the white man, and promising the people her aid and that of her terrible sisters in the nefarious designs of Pohaku, whose heralds just before night-fall, had proclaimed war, and invited all the population to join in the feast, or more properly speaking the saturnalia, in anticipation of the solemn sacrifice of the morrow, and the subsequent march towards the territories of Kiana, whom they hoped to surprise. The non-combatants were to remain within the fortress. This was more than seven hundred feet wide. Its walls were fifteen feet thick and twelve high, making it for Hawaii impregnable, if resolutely defended. Along its whole extent at short intervals, were hideous images of stone or wood, which stood as sentinels over their worshippers. Now in the dusky light they looked like real demons, silently watching the

noise and revelry below. The maddest of the priests were rushing about with smaller idols, lifting them above their heads with fearful screams and grimaces, pretending that they came from the images, which were to be borne in the ranks as consecrated banners. Feasting had already commenced, and various parties were to be seen seated on mats on the ground, both inside and outside of the houses, banqueting on wild boar, dog, live fishes, and other luxuries of the region, which they washed down with copious draughts of the intoxicating arva, amid rude jeers, jests, shouts and uproarious laughter. Slaves of both sexes, naked to their waist-cloths despite the chill air, gaunt and feeble, from famine and ill-usage, stood in the rear of their masters, eager to clutch the thrown aside morsel, while tremblingly obeying their capricious orders. Canine and swinish pets, barked and grunted, fought and rooted in unrebuked proximity to their owners, adding their stirring noises to the general chorus of discordant sounds.

Such was the spectacle into which Beatriz was introduced, as following Liliha they quietly made their way in search of Hewahewa. Fortunately, the deepening shadows of night favored their disguise, and Beatriz was too intent on finding Olmedo, to notice what otherwise would have alarmed her, for there were scenes of debauchery going on which it is not for the pen to describe.

As they passed the open door of a house larger than the rest, Liliha saw the gloomy features of Pohaku, intently gazing into a smothered fire, in

which something was slowly consuming. Around him were a party of the high chiefs, who stood deferentially, while he reclined on a divan. On either hand were two priests, who were uttering a dismal chant with their hands extended towards heaven, but frequently stopping to throw a substance, the nature of which they could not discern, upon the fire. If it flashed into a quick bright flame, all hailed it with cries of satisfaction; but as it oftener seemed to half extinguish the fire, or to puff out thick wreaths of smoke, Pohaku's face became fearfully moody, and he growled curses upon the priests, who evidently were more in awe of him than their deities. Tolta stood in the back-ground, regarding the scene with a look of mingled contempt and impatience.

Making a sign to her companions to remain where they were, Liliha thinking her father might be within, cautiously approached where she could see the interior. Hewahewa was not there. But before she could retire, Tolta passed out so close to her that she could have touched him, saying to himself, "Fools, do they think by drunkenness and frantic shouts to beat Kiana's men, or by incantations to waste the flesh from his bones? Rightly that brute is named stone,"—referring to the meaning of the word Pohaku,— "his head and heart are made of nothing else. His stupid sorcery will lose me my game. He says he will not budge until he omens are auspicious. Would he were to be cast to Pele with Olmedo. But I must see that priest and get his final answer." Seeing the group of

women, he roughly said to them as he passed, "Away with you, hags, to your feasting; leave such foolery to your betters; you'll have enough to wail for to-morrow," little perceiving to whom his bitter words were spoken.

Liliha motioned to them to follow her as she stole after him. He walked fast, but they dogged him as noiselessly as shadows. Olmedo had been removed into the heiau, or temple, outside of the fortress, upon a cliff overhanging the lake of fire. Inside were a few houses devoted to the priests and the idols. As they passed under the eastern gate of the fortress, Liliha saw the three heads of the Spaniards set upon poles. In the dim light their features could not be distinguished. Supposing them to be some of the common victims of the priests, she put her finger upon her lips for Beatriz to keep silent, fearing the effect upon her of so sudden and ghastly a sight. Beatriz knew too well to whom they belonged, but she restrained her emotions, and passed them quickly, though not without an inward prayer for the repose of their souls.

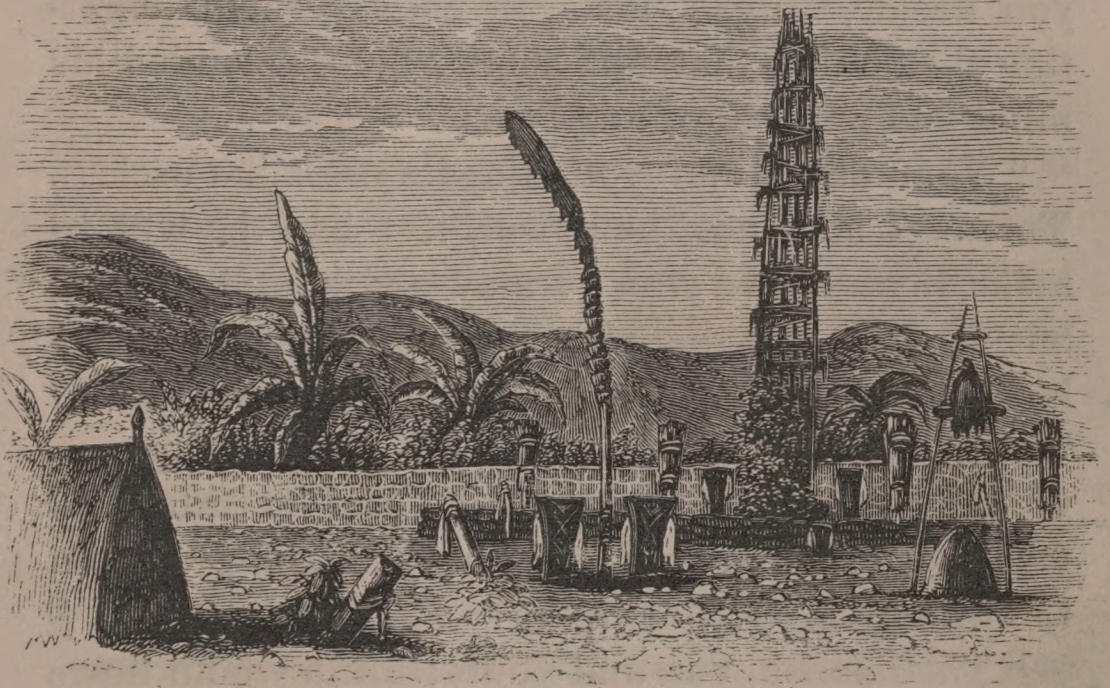
They arrived at the entrance of the heiau as Tolta disappeared within. It had been made tabu to females, and was now deserted by all but the guards appointed by Hewahewa to watch over Olmedo. Death, under the most appalling forms, would be the penalty if they were detected within the sacred precincts. As little as Liliha knew of the rites of the popular religion, she was quite aware of the terrible punishment awarded to any breach of priestly tabus, though without any super-

stitious dread of infringing them. It was natural, therefore, for her to pause before she crossed the fatal barrier. Beatriz, either not perceiving or not understanding her hesitation, entered at once. Liliha stopped no longer, but impulsively followed, as did her faithful women, who, if it had been her will, would have leaped after her into the crater, so attached were they to their young mistress.

The heiau was reeking with foul odors, that arose from the putrefying masses of animal offerings upon the numerous altars. Some human sacrifices had been recently made. These corpses, in which decay had already begun, were stretched out before images so foul in features and postures, as to be unlike anything earthly. To a savage they might well appear to be fiends, but to an educated mind they were absurd and disgusting, exciting horror only from the blind devotion paid them. They saw also the secret access to the principal idols, by means of which the priests, like those of Isis at Pompeii, were able to utter oracles through their mouths, as if the god spoke, and to perform the usual ritual jugglery which, among all ignorant races, designing priestcraft passes off as miracles.

Although faint and soul-sick at these evidences of a faith so false, so pitiless to the doomed, and so suggestive of what might be her own fate, and unless they succeeded in rescuing Olmedo, would be his, Beatriz did not for a second falter. For a little while they were bewildered in the intricacies in the interior of the heiau, as they had lost sight of Tolta, and knew not in what direction to seek

for the prison of Olmedo. As they cautiously groped their way from one house to another, listening to catch signs of life, they heard voices from one near by. Being of thatch, there was no difficulty in observing the interior through a hole made in the straw. They saw Olmedo lying on mats, with several guards about him, whom Liliha recognized to be her own men. Indeed they were husbands of the women with her. Tolta had just gone in, and was speaking to Olmedo in Spanish.



“I have come, monk,” said he, “according to promise, to hear your final answer. For the last time I ask, will you assist me to wed Beatriz, and live? Methinks the sights and odors about you must have quickened your reflections. Remember, yes is still in time, but shortly no power can save you from your doom.”

“Leave me, Mexican,” replied Olmedo, “my few remaining hours in peace. My answer has been already given. I will not join in your treachery to save myself. Beatriz may die, but she never will be dishonored.”

“Even now her life and honor depend upon your answer. Make her my wife, and she shall be queen of Hawaii. Hear me! No other faith but yours shall exist in Hawaii. This I swear, and you shall be its chief minister. My plans are ripe. I have but to lift my finger and they turn either way, as you decide,” urged Tolta, in his eagerness, forgetting the doubts that but shortly before clouded his mind and angered him.

“Your offers and your threats are alike useless, Tolta. I have not the power, if I had the will, to make Beatriz love you. I may perish, and she too, but we both will die with souls unsullied by falsehood,” answered Olmedo. “Even now He to whom I pray, upholds me and gives me peace. Go, and tempt me no further.” And he turned his face from him in sadness, firmly refusing to listen to him any more.

“Then perish, you and yours; all in whom flows Spanish blood. I doom you all.” Saying this, Tolta left the house, and returned towards the fortress, at each step venting his anger in execrations upon the obstinacy, as he called it, of the monk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is.”

CHAPMAN.

It may be readily imagined that Beatriz listened eagerly to a conversation which gave her the clue to all the tortuous actions of Tolta in regard to herself and Olmedo. He had no sooner gone than she entered, throwing back the covering to her face, which, amid the general excitement, had enabled her to pass unobserved among her companions, who, immediately coming after, imitated her example. Notwithstanding the suddenness of her appearance, and the obscure light, Olmedo knew her at once, and greeted her with an exclamation of joyful surprise. The guards, challenging the intruders, were about to take them into custody, but perceiving their young chiefess, and two of them recognizing their wives, they were at a loss what to do; whether to give an alarm, which would be their death-warrant, or by acquiescing in the sacrilege, run the risk of being themselves involved in their crime. Their attachment to Liliha proved stronger than their fears, as she partly appealed to their personal fealty, and partly commanded their

services, seconded by her women, who, having now irrevocably committed themselves, had no other resource than to bribe or cajole them to silence. Still they were incurring, as they well knew, a fearful hazard, and they heartily wished themselves out of the net into which they had been led by their inexperienced mistress. She herself did not reflect how the adventure might terminate, now that she had missed her father, but was so absorbed in her desire to save Beatriz, that she thought of nothing else. Indeed she entered as impulsively into every act that had that in view, as she would have into any scheme of pleasure. It was the first time she had ever taken any serious responsibility upon herself, unknown to or unadvised by her father. Up to this moment she had fully expected to meet him, not doubting but that, as usual, he would accede to her wishes. Could she have read in his calm exterior the closely weighed policy which decided every question solely in reference to his ambition, and made him patient or impetuous, kind or cruel, priest or infidel, selfish or generous, only as interest swayed, she would have hesitated to approach him on such an errand. When he proposed to Olmedo to save him by substituting another victim, he was sincere. Not that he desired to spare him the pangs of the sacrifice, but that he might reserve him to gratify his inquisitive mind, after which he would have consigned him, with equal indifference, to death, or sent him back to Kiana, as his policy prompted. The refusal of Olmedo had perplexed him. It was an exhibition

of character not within his calculation. He would not risk his popularity with the expectant multitude, by refusing to sacrifice Olmedo, as had been solemnly proclaimed; but, true to his promise to aid Beatriz, and hoping from her to obtain further disclosures of the acts of Tolta, he had set off soon after for his own residence. By taking the main road he missed Liliha, who arrived at the fortress at the same time that he reached his own house. Thus it was that the maiden was left solely to her own resources, as she was told by the guards her father had returned to his home, and would not be back before early morning.

When she heard this her heart failed her, and she wrung her hands, exclaiming, "What can be done. By morning it will be too late. I will go to Pohaku. He will not refuse the daughter of Hewahewa her petition."

"Nay, nay, our chiefess, you would bring ruin to us all, and to your father also. Think not of this. He is as merciless as death. Like a maddened boar, he will rend us all," both women and guards exclaimed in one breath, as each began to discuss how to escape from their present perilous position.

While this was going on, Beatriz had explained to Olmedo all that had occurred since they parted, and he had told her his history. His first idea in seeing her was that she had been brought to share his fate, but finding that she was comparatively free and with friends, hope began to revive in each for the other. Overhearing the discussion between the women and the guards, Olmedo said, "These

friendly natives must not be put to death for me. We must either all depart, or you must go as you came, and leave me to my destiny. Some other mode of escape may offer, which shall not risk so many lives for one."

"I will never again leave you, Olmedo. If you remain, I remain ; if you go, I go. Whatever your fate may be, I am here to share it," said Beatriz.

"Say not so, my daughter, my Beatriz. Go with those who brought you here. They can guard you safely back to Juan. If you remain with me, they are lost. Surely you would not cost them their lives. Go while there is yet time. God will guard you. As for me, I am a soldier of the cross, and it is meet that I should offer up my life rather than violate its holy principles. There," said Olmedo, tenderly taking her hand and putting it into that of Liliha, "depart with her. She will rescue you and restore you to your brother."

Withdrawing her hand from Liliha's, Beatriz took Olmedo's, and fixing her expressive eyes on his, firmly and slowly said, "My resolution is formed. Did you ever know me to swerve from my decision? Go, I pray you," said she, turning to Liliha. "May the Holy Virgin reward you for your kindness, dear sister. Embrace me. Your father, should he come to know this, would not be cruel to his daughter for her love to the white maiden."

But Liliha clung convulsively to her and refused to part. "I cannot give you up," said she. "I am your sister. If you stay, I will stay. You shall not die so cruel a death," and she sobbed like an

infant, while her women, terrified at her words, urged her to delay no longer. The guards added their entreaties, for at any moment some of the priests might return, and then all would be lost.

Olmedo, seeing the unfortunate turn Beatriz's endeavor to save him was taking, here interposed, as a new idea suggested itself, saying, "Calm yourselves and listen to me. If these good men," speaking of his guards, "will consent, we can be all saved."

"How! What do you propose? I will answer for my people," eagerly exclaimed Liliha.

"Then let us all fly at once, taking the shortest and safest route to Kiana's territory. Some of you must know the country well. He will reward you all to the extent of your desires, and protect you from the vengeance of your chief."

"And leave my father! What will he think of me? I must not forsake him," said Liliha, with a filial firmness that threatened to extinguish the last hope of rescue for Beatriz.

"It will be but for a short time, noble maiden," urged Olmedo. "He will pardon you for an act of mercy—for saving the life of your friend and sister. You have gone so far that there is safety in no other course. Finish your merciful work, my daughter, and the blessings of the God of the Christian will ever attend you, and his holy saints have you always in their keeping. The Great God wills it. Your heart is too tender to leave her to suffer so cruelly from the malice of a stranger to your race and ours. Your women, too; think of

them ; their visit here cannot long be concealed. As soon as it is known, they will be inhumanly tortured, and sacrificed to demons. Would you have the blood of all these upon your head? No. Your father will not blame you."

"The stranger priest speaks well," interposed Umi, the captain of the guards, glad of an opportunity to desert the service of Pohaku for that of Kiana, and seeing in this affair an occasion to recommend himself to that chieftain. "By sunrise we can reach the territories of Kiana if we start now. I know a city of refuge near the frontier, where we can be in safety until he comes to our rescue. Let us go at once."

"For my sake, for the love you bear your father, save mine," pleaded Beatriz, embracing her.

The women and guards added their entreaties, so that Liliha hesitated no longer. "Be it so," said she, "I yield for your sakes, but my heart mis-gives me for deserting my father." But there was no time for further indecision, so they bore her half-reluctantly forward, leaving the heiau by the gate farthest from the fortress, fortunately meeting no one. It wanted an hour and a half of midnight. The moon rose as they reached a path that skirted the crater on its northern side. By its light they made tolerably quick progress over the rough country, in the direction of the eastern shore of Hawaii.

They had been gone about three hours, when Tolta walked once more towards the heiau, desirous of seeing his captive again before he was wholly given up to Hewahewa, for the terrible rites of the

dawning festival. Surprised and angry at finding the temple wholly deserted, his first thought was, that the guards and priests, whose duty required them to have been there at that hour, had left their captive and gone to indulge in the orgies at the fort. He searched everywhere without finding a trace of Olmedo, and was on the point of going back to seek Hewahewa, and demand why the prisoner had been removed, when he saw something bright lying on the ground, close by the gate farthest from Pohaku's quarters. Picking it up he recognized the well-known rosary of Beatriz. Immediately the misgiving crossed his mind that by some means he was unable to account for, she had been able to release Olmedo, and they had fled. Alone and unassisted, such a deed was impossible. She must, therefore, have secured aid from some one, able either to overawe or bribe those who had the custody of Olmedo. His suspicion fell at once upon Hewahewa. "He seeks to ingratiate himself with Kiana," thought he, "by revealing the plot and restoring the prisoners. But why? What motive can there be for such a step, when our joint plans were so nigh success?" Confiding his discovery to no one, he went back to the fortress, hoping that he might find Hewahewa, and learn from him that he was wrong in his conjecture. He was as unsuccessful in getting tidings of him as of Olmedo. Doubt now ripened into certainty, and he felt sure that Hewahewa had not only released the prisoners, but accompanied them in their flight. "The traitor, does he think to foil me thus? I will have his head

and one rival the less. I never liked his ominous silence, — his thought is as secret as the grave. But they cannot have gone far. I must pursue and capture them before this gets to the ears of Pohaku. Caught in the act, he will then be sure not to spare even his favorite priest. Beatriz must still be kept from his sight. The war once begun, he will hence have enough to glut his passions without thinking of the white woman. It will go hard with me if some lucky blow may not put an end to him. Then, Tolta, you are supreme.”

So musing, pleased at the opportunity that offered for catching Hewahewa in the same net which he had been spreading, and not doubting but that in a few hours he should return successful from the pursuit, he apprised his most trusty partisans that he had need of their services, and without letting them know his object until fairly upon the road, he made all possible haste to come up with the fugitives. Trained to forest warfare, his men once upon the route found no difficulty in tracking, even by the uncertain light of the moon, the party in advance, whose progress, encumbered as it was with women, was necessarily much slower than their own.

While Tolta was pursuing Olmedo, Hewahewa, surprised at not finding his daughter and Beatriz at his own house, was on his return to the fortress to learn further tidings of them. His people knew only that they were missing, and that a party of women had left quite early in the day in that direction. They supposed that their mistress, curious to witness the spectacle, had secretly gone for that

purpose. The high-priest arrived at the stronghold in about an hour after Tolta had left, presuming he should have no difficulty in detecting Liliha through any disguise. He anxiously sought for her among the different groups that were prolonging their carousings into the morning, and searched every house, but equally in vain. At last he went to the temple, though believing it impossible that she could have braved the terrors of the tabu, either from curiosity or to gratify the white woman. He was more astonished than even Tolta at its desertion, and could scarcely credit his sight. The heiau was a complete solitude. Its foul offerings polluted the night air, and sent up their reeking incense to impish idols, unwatched by human eyes. Excited as his feelings were for the safety of the only being he loved, never had the gloomy precincts of the sacred enclosure and its disgusting rites appeared to him as they did now. He was repelled and disgusted, and as he recalled the words and resolute self-denial of Olmedo, he felt disposed to proclaim the whole a delusion. But the thought was only momentary. As he discovered the absence of Olmedo, he remembered what the white priest had told him of the proffered treachery of Tolta, and he suspected that Olmedo might have relented at the last moment and consented to his plans. Liliha no doubt had been seduced to conduct Beatriz to the fortress in disguise, and the whole party had fled with the guards. Instead, therefore, of surprising Kiana, that chieftain, led by Tolta, would shortly be down upon them with all

his force. Enraged at the abduction of his daughter, which he attributed to the Mexican, and hoping to defeat his intentions, he hurried to Pohaku, and related the circumstances and his conclusions.

That chief was still engaged with the sorcerers, and as the auguries had not improved, his temper was in its most savage mood. He heard, however, without interrupting, the story through.

Starting up, he roared rather than spoke, "The lying hound, the whelp of a wild dog — no marvel that the sacred signs failed before his false eyes. Arm ye, all, and pursue the traitor. My richest valley shall be the prize of his capturer — off men to the hunt, but leave him to be dealt with by me. He who lags behind shall feel my spear."

Clutching his weapons he rushed out, followed by the fiercest and most resolute of his retainers, who, eager to win the reward, tumultuously pushed forward; but Pohaku, maddened by his abortive witchcraft, and the deceit of his tempter, soon outstripped them all, and intent upon revenge, went on at a pace to which few of his men were equal.

Hewahewa perceived that Tolta had not gone alone, as many able fighting men were missing. He concluded, therefore, that he had partisans, and would make fight, should he be overtaken before joining Kiana. The fury of Pohaku might defeat its object, unless sustained by his regular force. So calling together as many companies of the warriors under their chiefs, as the debauch had left fit for immediate service, he led them in military array

after Pohaku. Thus it happened that within a few hours, these different parties, actuated by such conflicting emotions, in wild chase of or from each other, were on the road to Kiana's territories.

CHAPTER XXV.

“ When Anger rushes unrestrained to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way.
The Man of Thought strikes deepest and strikes safely.”

SAVAGE.

THE reason why Tolta missed entrapping Juan at the same time with Beatriz, was this. Early on that very morning he had set out with Kiana to hunt wild boars in a forest in the district, now known as Puna, but which at that date was about equally divided between the territories of Kiana and Pohaku. It would be impossible for the traveller of the present day to recognize the localities of the events of this chapter, on account of the repeated changes in the features of the country, occasioned by the successive eruptions of Kilauea since that period. Even the coast line has been greatly extended and altered. When the Spaniards first arrived at Hawaii, the volcano had for a long period been quiet in this direction. Consequently, the country had become overgrown with vegetation, which mantling the abrupt mountain spurs, and numerous lava raised hills, and wide extended plains gave it a highly picturesque appearance. Cultivation was spread over its surface but very slightly. In general, it was a fertile wilderness,

sparsely peopled, but prolific with the game of the country. On this account it was much frequented by the sporting warriors of both the chieftains, whose followers, in pursuing the chase, not unseldom met in deadly conflict. There was, therefore, a double risk to the adventurer in exploring its wilds. In escaping the tusks of an infuriated animal, he might fall upon the spear of an ambushed foe.

The very dangers of this territory were the origin of its most redeeming feature. Abounding in wild forests, it naturally became a refuge to the escaped slave, or oppressed tenant, and even the fugitive from justice, who without the intervention of an institution, which I will now describe, would, from their common perils, have banded together, and made themselves formidable as robbers or assassins.

I refer to the Pahonua, or to adopt the phraseology of the Israelities, in a kindred institution, the 'city of refuge.' The analogy between the two is very striking. With both, it was a necessity as a check upon the prevalent laws of retaliation, the barbarous character of their warfare, and their system of justice, so liable to perversion from the caprices or tyranny of their rulers. It affords also consoling evidence of the disposition of mankind, even in the least improved condition, to correct evil. It is true, that like the sanctuaries of the Roman Catholic Church, they were liable to abuse, and were available to the criminal, as well as the innocent, but in a rude society, they afforded a wholesome check upon revenge, whether private, or under judicial

forms, and served in a considerable degree to mitigate the otherwise unendurable ferocity of war.

A river, having its source in Mauna Kea, flowed through this region. It was a rapid, impetuous stream, much broken by rocks and whirlpools, and fed by numerous cascades and torrents from the neighboring hills. As it rained a great deal in this vicinity, it was generally swollen. Near the sea the river forced its way between precipitous banks, with much roaring and many abrupt leaps, at times quieted by the depth of its waters, as it reached some rocky dell, and at others spreading out into a quick, broad current, until it finally expanded itself into the sea, amid the thundering of breakers, over a treacherous bottom of moving sands. Only in the calmest weather could canoes venture to cross its bar. There were a few spots where sufficient land had been gained from the river, higher up the valley by dykings, so as to repay careful cultivation with rich crops. Here the banana and taro grew most luxuriantly, ripened into a luscious flavor by the sun's rays, caught and retained between the steep, verdure-clad banks. Dams were partly thrown across the river in several places near its mouth, diverting portions of it into artificial ponds, well stocked with fish, particularly the delicious mullet, which being reared in brackish water, acquired a flavor and fatness unknown to the species bred elsewhere.

Besides these signs, there were many others of peace and abundance in the immediate vicinity. They were due to the presence of a spacious

Pahonua built of stone, situated upon the river's left bank, which there formed an easy precipice, affording a pleasing contrast to the lofty and jetting crag opposite. The juncture of the fresh water with the salt tide of the ocean, took place almost under the walls of the city of refuge, occasioning eddies, admitting of a ford, though at no time safe, because of quicksands.

The tutelar deity of this Pahonua was Keave, now worshipped, or more properly speaking, sainted; for the formula of the Roman Catholic Church is in this respect as applicable to the paganism of Hawaii, as to its own more enlightened ritual. Keave was simply the benevolent founder of this particular institution, the building of which was, considering its purpose, solidity and extent, as creditable to his sanctity and enterprise, as have been any of the numerous monasteries of the papal church, to their canonized founders. Canonization is indeed but another form of heathen deification. The creation of this Pahonua, the natives being destitute of machinery for raising large masses of stone, was in truth a prodigious feat. In its walls were blocks weighing upwards of two tons, elevated six feet or more above the ground. Around it were the sacred images, usually placed upon such structures. Within, there were several pyramidal temples, besides a sufficient number of houses for the people likely to take refuge therein. The limits of the sanctuary extended to a certain distance outside the walls, marked by white flags, while its charge devolved upon a class of priests, — monks they

might aptly be called, if we set aside the vow of chastity—who with their servants were permitted to slay any one that transgressed their privileges. Like themselves, their property was sacred, which accounts for the oasis they had created amid the otherwise forbidding scenery and its pertinent perils. Whoever once got safely within their precincts, became inviolable. This personal security extended to a certain time after the refugee had returned to his home, as the protecting spirit was supposed to still abide with him, though guilty of the foulest crimes, or even of violating the most solemn tabus. Before a fight, the women and children of both the belligerents, assembled in the Pahonua for security. After the battle was won, the vanquished also fled to it to secure that mercy which the conqueror rarely granted. All made offerings to the deified founder, as does the Roman Catholic to his patron saint, in gratitude for favors vouchsafed.

Olmedo and his party arrived soon after sunrise, without interruption, at the base of a sharp mountain ridge, which intervened between the river and the more level ground over which they had passed. It was not lofty, but, owing to its dense vegetation, extremely difficult to scale, except at one point where the natives had, by frequent traversing, worn a rude passage. Path it could not be called, for the jungle was so thick, and the branches of the trees so interlocked, that it offered much of the way a series of climbing and leaps, more suited to the habits of a monkey than a human being. There were other points of access to the river, but

Umi had selected this as much the shortest, though it involved greater fatigue. For a considerable distance the party was obliged to go in Indian file up a rapid ascent, which formed the backbone of the spur, and was so narrow, that to unpractised feet it was safer to sit upon it, as on a saddle, and to hitch themselves along by the help afforded by the coarse grasses and ferns. On either side was a steep precipice, covered with a slippery coating of rank verdure. Before arriving at the summit the path became so obstructed with trees of a large growth, imbedded in a tangled network of shrubs and vines, that the utmost caution was required to prevent the weaker members of the party from becoming inextricably involved therein. Often they were obliged to find a foothold on branches elevated twenty feet and even more, from the soil, and clinging to the limbs above them, slowly work their way through the vegetable barrier. The sun's rays never penetrated the leafy canopy overhead, though to the almost constant rains they were a slight obstacle. These had caused a luxuriant growth of mosses which encircled every limb, making them appear double their real size, and frequently hiding their decay. In grasping the seemingly stout branch it would prove to be a flexible twig or a rotten stick, and giving way, precipitate the climber into beds of oozy vegetation, which, sponge-like, not only showered their chilling contents upon the wayfarers at every step, but, from their slimy coating, rendered both foothold and grasp very uncertain. Nothing short of the

previous rough experiences of Beatriz, in the wild campaigns of Mexico, could have prepared her for an effort like the one she was now making. Her companions were indefatigable in their exertions to aid her. After two hours of excessive labor they had the satisfaction to stand upon the summit, and look down upon the river which separated them from the territories of Kiana.

"Look," said Umi, "our toils are almost at an end. There is the Pahonua, and the priests will give us food and rest while we send for Kiana."

"But what comes there?" exclaimed Olmedo, pointing to some objects moving along the narrow ridge they had just traversed, and which were hardly perceptible from their point of view.

All looked anxiously to the spot indicated, and were not long in perceiving Tolta, followed by several score of warriors, rapidly advancing towards them. At the same instant the Mexican caught sight of them, and they saw him pointing their party out to his followers, and urging them forward with impatient gestures. A wild shout of triumph broke from his men at the discovery, and they dashed forward in expectation of speedily seizing the fugitives. The difficulties of the ascent, however, so impeded their progress, as to give ample time to Umi to put into execution his plan of escape. Tolta had taken this difficult pass to the river, thinking to arrive on its banks in advance of those he pursued, and intercept them as they came by the longer but more easy route. He was therefore taken by surprise on discovering them ahead

of him. His hope now lay solely in the greater speed of his men. With promises and threats he excited them to redoubled exertions, himself leading the way.

Fortunately for Beatriz and Olmedo, the descent towards the river was comparatively facile. Sending two of his men forward to aid the women, Umi with the others took post just at the crest of the mountain, where the path was so narrow that they could easily hold it against great odds. With their spears poised they awaited the onset of Tolta's men.

While these incidents were in progress, Kiana and Juan, accompanied by a mixed train of not above one hundred men, warriors and servants included, were occupied in the chase. They were unaware of the abduction of the Spaniards and the subsequent events, having had no communication with their homes for several days. Indeed, although many of their people had missed their guests of late, as they were accustomed to their retirement at not unfrequent intervals, few besides their immediate attendants had manifested either curiosity or anxiety at their absence. But when three days had gone by without news of them, their retainers prepared to notify Kiana of the fact. Some had gone in pursuit of him on the very morning of the escape. But the hunters at early day-light had crossed the river at some distance above the Pahonua, and had been beating the forest at the foot of the mountain in pursuit of their game, with, however, but indifferent success.

Wearied with their exertions, they were reposing in the shade of a grove about half way between its base and the river, when their attention was attracted by shouts proceeding apparently from the mountain. Soon several women were seen issuing from the forest, and running at full speed towards the river, followed by armed men, a few of whom, every now and then, faced about and stood on the defensive against others who were pursuing them. By this means the women made some progress, but evidently their strength was failing, and they must quickly be captured, especially as the foremost of their pursuers had overthrown his antagonist, and was gaining rapidly upon them.

It seems that Umi and his men had been unable to retard the progress of Tolta for a much shorter time than he anticipated. The followers of the Mexican had rushed fiercely upon them, and although beaten back, returned again and again to the charge, throwing their spears, and yelling frightfully to intimidate their foes. But Umi was too well practised in native warfare to be driven from his post by menaces, while he was sufficiently protected as to avoid much risk from the missiles of his assailants. Chafing at this delay, Tolta was himself preparing to close with Umi, when his quick eye caught sight of a vine overhanging the rock which effectually screened his enemy. With the spring of a wild cat he caught at it, and almost as quick as the thought had been formed, he had scrambled to the summit, whence he could look down upon Umi. Another leap would have

brought him into his rear. Umi seeing this retreated, but, as he turned, dealt a quick blow to a careless assailant, which stretched him lifeless right in the way of his companions, who stumbled over him as they pursued him down the mountain. His men, taking somewhat different directions, followed, occasionally stopping to arrest the progress of their pursuers, that the women might have a chance to reach the river.

Kiana, surprised at this scene, called his men to stand by their arms, saying to Juan, "We must be on our guard. Pohaku, I suspect, is about to pay us the compliment of a visit. If so we shall find him fiercer game than we have yet seen this morning."

Juan was too intently gazing upon the flying group to heed the remark. Suddenly he exclaimed, "That headmost warrior is Tolta. There is no mistaking his tiger spring. But what is the Mexican doing here? Jesus Maria! That robe belongs to no Hawaiian. By the holy saints it is our worthy priest. He must have strangely changed his nature to be marauding with that wily Aztec. But, no! the villain! he throws his javelin at him. There is foul work going on here. At them, Kiana, or they will slay the monk." So saying, he rushed towards the assailant, calling upon Olmedo to turn towards him. Kiana and his men added their shouts to his, and ran quickly after him.

Their apparition seemed to paralyze both the pursuer and the pursued. With the latter, however, the hesitation was but brief. Recognizing her

brother, Beatriz gave a cry of joyful surprise, and hastily bidding Liliha follow her, turned towards him. Juan knew her voice, though he could scarcely credit his senses on finding his sister in such a position. Both he and Kiana were immediately at her side. Overcome by her exertions, she fainted as she fell into Juan's arms. Olmedo and the rest of the party were soon surrounded by the friendly warriors, eagerly inquiring the cause of their appearance and flight. Their story was told in a few words. A cry of vengeance upon the Mexican rose from every throat as his men called upon Kiana to lead them against the traitor.

Meantime Beatriz slowly came to. Both Juan and Kiana, in their anxiety for her, thought of nothing else, until she was able to confirm by her own lips the narrative of her faithful friends. Her weakness made her tale short, but the little she spoke, stopping at each broken sentence to gain strength, told much to her listeners. Olmedo was almost as feeble as she. Juan gave a look of grateful surprise at Liliha, as his sister, embracing her, presented her as her rescuer. His thanks were hearty and brief, but all other feeling was speedily lost in his desire to revenge the treachery towards Beatriz. Without stopping to count his foes, he sprang towards them, calling upon Tolta to prove himself a man by facing one.

Kiana was prompt to sustain him, but not before he had charged a portion of his retinue to escort the rescued party across the river, and place them in safety in the Pahonua, while he with the remain-

der would cover their passage. Less fiery than Juan, his first impulse was to see to their safety, then to look to their own, for he felt certain Tolta would not have undertaken an enterprise of so much danger, without being sustained by the whole power of Pohaku. That chief, therefore, he believed, would soon appear upon the field. As it was, Tolta had the superiority in numbers, and it would not be prudent to exhaust their strength before they knew what fresh dangers might be in store.

The Mexican, calling his men about him, determined to act solely on the defensive. It might have fared ill with Juan, had Tolta with his whole force made a rush upon him as he came towards them. Several of the most eager of his men did indeed sally from their ranks, to make a combined assault upon the white man. Their commander recalled them, but not before the foremost having struck at Juan with his mace a blow which he easily parried, was run through by his sword before he could recover his guard. This experience of the fatal skill and power of the weapon of the Spaniard made them more cautious, and they kept their ranks retreating slowly towards the rocky promontory directly facing the Pohonua. It was not far from this point that the road usually traversed from Kilauea, and leading to the somewhat dangerous ford before spoken of, joined the river. Tolta knew too much of Juan's prowess to venture himself in combat with him, especially with inferior weapons. He noticed the fewness of Kiana's men, and hoped before long Pohaku might join him,

when their combined force would easily slay or capture their opponents.

Kiana and his men had now come up, and without making a direct assault were gradually pressing Tolta's party back to the highest part of the precipice, which here overlooked the deepest waters of the river, though a little way below they became shallower as they approached the ford. Olmedo and his companions were already preparing to cross, having availed themselves of some canoes belonging to the priests of the Pahonua, which Kiana had borrowed early in the day for his own passage. The rising ground on which they now found themselves, gave Tolta's men a decided advantage in resisting any attack. Their flank was protected by a dense thicket, which bordered the road that led from Kilauea, while the river effectually sheltered them on the right. Thus they were in a position either to retreat or to await a reinforcement. A messenger had been despatched by Tolta to Pohaku, as soon as he had made the discovery of the presence of Juan and Kiana. In the meantime he had determined to remain where he was. Should Kiana attempt to recross the river, he could sally down upon him at advantage.

Juan irritated at Kiana's prudence, demanded that they should attack Tolta at once, and drive his men into the river. But that chief would not waver from his surer policy, for he had also sent to summon his warriors to join him. By keeping his foes in their present situation, they would, before long, be enabled to assault them, certain of success ;

whereas now, a defeat or even a repulse would endanger the lives of those they had just rescued. Until Beatriz and Olmedo were within the Pahonua, it would be risking too much. Juan acquiesced in these measures, but swore he would not lose sight of Tolta while he lived.

Pohaku, as we know, had pursued Tolta, deceived by the report of Hewahewa. But few of his warriors had been able to keep up with him. The messenger that Tolta had sent, and who might have explained their position, had missed him. The enraged chief came in sight on the main road, soon after the hostile parties had assumed their present positions. Perceiving Kiana and his warriors, he was still more confirmed in his belief of Tolta's treachery; believing that he had fled to rejoin that chief and surprise him. Without stopping to parley or to ascertain the truth, he roared out to Tolta's men to make way, and sprang forward with a ferocious look towards the Mexican. The warriors, surprised and confused, for they had supposed he had come to their assistance, parted before him like water before a strong swimmer. Straight on towards Tolta he came foaming and cursing, and bidding him await his fate. The Mexican, at a loss to account for his sudden hate, supposed him gone mad and ordered his men to seize him, but they would have sooner, unarmed, crossed the tusks of the fiercest wild boar of the mountains, than have now put themselves in his path. With his spear poised, he stopped a few feet from Tolta, glaring upon him with bloodshot eyes. In another

second he would have driven it clean through him, but Tolta's instinct of life was quicker than even his rage. Seeing his hopeless position, he sprang aside and the spear glanced on the turf, tearing up the ground, and finally burying itself deep into it, remained with its haft quivering in the air. Pohaku, uttering a fearful howl of disappointed rage, ran towards him, intending to seize him with his naked arms, and to twist his spine. The Mexican, whose movements were quick and subtle, again dodged him, and sprang upon the cliff. As Pohaku rushed after, he aimed a stroke at him with his dagger, which would have reached his heart had it not struck upon an ivory ornament, which he wore upon his breast. The steel broke, and Tolta was left defenceless. The river was now his only chance. A precipice ninety feet high lay between him and it. With one bound he cleared its edge. So sudden was this movement and so desperate the leap, that all for the moment supposed him dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. Striking the water, however, with his feet pointed like a wedge, and his arms clinging to his sides, he disappeared, but soon rose and struck out towards the Pahonua. The rapid current bore him towards the shallower waters. Here his feet touching the sand, he was obliged to walk now and then, sinking as the water deepened and compelled him again to swim. Suddenly he was seen to throw his arms wildly in the air, and to shriek for help to the priests who were watching him from the walls of the Pahonua. They ran hastily towards the water's

edge to rescue him, but perceiving his position they dared not trust themselves on the treacherous sands. His exertions to reach them were desperate, but every struggle sank him deeper. He had touched a quicksand, and its vortex was slowly sucking him down. Inch by inch he disappeared, each moment to him an eternity. His entire life of baffled ambition and revenge, with all the deeds of horror he had witnessed or participated in; all the better desires he had cherished and affections he had indulged; all of his dark and troublous career became legible in letters of fire to his quickened memory, and mingling with an obscure and despairing future, the terrible mythology of his earliest belief conflicting with the hated creed of the Spaniard, harrowed his soul. Fiercely he struggled for a while with his fate. The water became discolored by the sand his frantic exertions to release himself stirred up. But nothing could now save him. Conscious of this he became more quiet. As the waters covered his face its latest look was towards a group of females just landing at no great distance above him. One among them had seen the leap and after struggle. Shuddering she covered her head with her mantle, and was then praying for the soul of her enemy, whose hands, even after his head had sunk out of sight, were seen for an instant turned imploringly towards her.

This sight sobered even the rage of Pohaku, and arrested the attention of all. No sooner, however, was it over, than Juan, unable longer to restrain himself, called upon Kiana to avail himself of the

confusion of their enemy and attack him. Setting the example, he sprung among them dealing fatal wounds at every stroke. Kiana and his men seconded him well, and the *melée*, it could scarcely be called battle, soon became general and bloody. Pohaku, who had regained his arms, rallied his men and fought with courage, but in skill he was not a match for his assailants, whose better discipline compensated for their inferior number. Three times, however, he foiled the desperate attack of the bravest of Kiana's men, slaying several of them, and might at last have repulsed his foes had it not been for the impetuosity of Juan, who, calling to him to beware, closed upon the chief. Twice Pohaku succeeded in casting his javelin at him. The first blow he avoided by an active movement of his body, but the weapon whizzed so near as to bruise his left arm. The second javelin pierced his helmet, as he fortunately stumbled over a corpse, otherwise it would have brained him. Before he could recover himself, Pohaku had sprung forward with an uplifted war-club, which, with terrible force, was about descending on his head, when Kiana intercepted the blow by his mace. The warriors on both side sprang to the rescue of their chiefs, and in the rush Kiana's men were borne back a few paces. He, however, held his ground, beating off his assailants, thus giving time to Juan to rise. "Leave this chief to me, he is my foe," he cried to Kiana, and advancing once more upon him he easily parried his furious blows, and at every thrust drew blood, until watching a moment when Poha-

ku from sheer exhaustion struck less quickly and forcibly, Juan plunged his sword through his breast. His fall disheartened his men, and they began to recoil before the renewed efforts of their foes, when loud shouts were heard from the road, and soon after a regular body of warriors, outnumbering greatly all on both sides engaged in the present fray, marched upon the field.

It was Hewahewa with the warriors he had assembled after the hasty departure of Pohaku, whose soldiers recognizing them, re-formed in their rear, and awaited the orders of the high-priest.

Kiana drew his men off from the pursuit and arrayed them into a wedge-shaped phalanx, with its rear towards the stream. Juan and himself occupied the *welan*, or point which must receive the brunt of the onset, should an attack be made. On the other side of the river his followers who had escorted Beatriz over, seeing his danger, came back with the canoes and joined him. Thus he had it in his power to retreat, presenting the while a formidable front to his enemy.

Hewahewa, having learned the state of affairs, was not desirous of pushing him to extremity. His own immediate rivals, Tolta and Pohaku, were dead,—no small gain to him,—but his daughter was virtually in the power of Kiana. He was therefore disposed to terms. Sending a herald bearing a branch of the *ti* plant used as a flag of truce, he proposed a parley. To this Kiana assented, and it was finally agreed that Kiana should return to his own territories unmolested, Liliha

remaining as a hostage, until he was on equal terms with his antagonist, after which they would treat for a general peace. Upon those terms, Kiana withdrew to his own side, while Hewahewa encamped where he was.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Sudden arose
Ianthe’s soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away; it reassumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal.”

QUEEN MAB.

BEATRIZ was once more at her home by the sea-side. Liliha was always near her. Since their first meeting the loving forest-girl had grown still dearer to her. When her father claimed her, she pleaded so hard and showed so much distress at the thought of leaving her white sister that he consented she should remain for the time being. Kiana and the high-priest were at peace. The latter had more than once visited Olmedo, for the double purpose of talking with him and seeing his daughter. By this interchange of civilities and the impression which the superior condition of Kiana’s people made upon him, added to the more enlarged views derived from his intercourse with the Spaniards, Hewahewa became, if not a believer in any creed,

a more humane and wiser man. By his influence, backed as it always was when necessary with the arms of Kiana, his people partially gave up their predatory habits, and paid more attention to their fisheries and the culture of their soil. It was great gain also to establish an amicable intercourse between tribes so long bitterly hostile to each other. Instead of warlike expeditions to secure prisoners for sacrifice and to plunder, Hewahewa's people now came often to trade. A commerce was growing up, which later led to the establishment of regular fairs, the principal of which was held at stated intervals on the banks of the Wailuku river, in the territory of Kiana. Here the products of the soil and the manufactures of the several districts of Hawaii, each of which from peculiarity of soil or climate, or from the skill and industry of its inhabitants, could claim some local advantage, were



brought and interchanged. A paid police preserved order, and public inspectors decided upon the qualities of the merchandise, or acted as arbitrators in case of dispute, while the numerous pedlars by their cries and importunity would not have discredited their brethren of Europe.

But this fact is foreign to my story, except so far as showing how soon and rapidly commercial industry supplants the fighting principle, if it be allowed a fair chance, even among the passionate and sensuous aborigines of Polynesia.

Beatriz looked wan and feeble. More than a month had gone by since her rescue. Before her capture she had been gradually failing, but almost imperceptibly and with such an increased delicacy of outline and purity of complexion, that while Olmedo and Juan had praised her increasing beauty, neither had noticed that it was sapping her life. The exposure and excitement consequent upon the violence of Tolta, acting upon an already enfeebled frame, had at last brought her very low. Daily since her return had she been compelled to shorten her walks. At the same time her voice grew weaker, but gained ever in sweetness, and the flush upon her face became deeper. Still so long as she could go out she went, leaning upon Liliha or Olmedo, to look upon the scenery she so loved, and to breathe the balmy sea air beneath the palms. Juan clung to her as to a life-buoy. Careless and impetuous as he had always been, he loved his sister fervently. To see her pine day by day, her flesh wasting as disease claimed it, the

rich blood fading from her cheek never to return, each embrace growing more languid as life ebbed, well nigh drove him mad. Bitterly he blamed himself for his absence on that fatal day. Even the horror of Tolta's death did not check his curses upon him. To Olmedo he would listen in deference as he talked of the consolations of religion, but escaping to the woods, he would there sit hours in silent agony brooding over his coming loneliness, and fiercely resenting any intrusion. Liliha alone could quiet his grief. Knowing his habits, she would sometimes steal from the side of Beatriz and go after him. Taking his hand, without speaking, she would lead him to his sister, and the two would sit by her in sympathetic sadness, watching her every motion, and endeavoring to anticipate every want. While thus occupied he was in some degree soothed. His sister was still with him. The Blessed Mother of God might yet restore her. He would be so lonely when she was gone. Never until now had he felt how large a portion of his happiness was derived from her presence; how much he needed her calm sustaining spirit, her untiring kindness, and above all her exhaustless fountain of forgiveness. Was all this so soon to be taken away? Cold shudders passed through his heart as the gloom of certainty shut down upon him, and starting up abruptly he would go back to the forest. Giving time for the paroxysm to subside, Liliha at a sign from Beatriz would again bring him back. "My dear brother," she would say, "sorrow not so, I may yet live; I feel stronger to-day. Take my hand;

see! it is not very thin; and my face, is it not a little fuller? It seems so to me. Once you know, before we left Spain, I was as ill, but I got well. Kiss me and stay by me while I sleep a little. When I wake we will talk more. I have much to say, and yet I cannot speak it, when you are so sad. Another kiss, dear Juan; you have ever been a kind brother to me." Thus she would cheer him with a hope that at times dawned upon herself, in spite of her rapid decline.

Often Kiana came in, and sat gazing at her until the big tears followed one another down his cheeks. Seemingly unconscious of them, he would remain without uttering a word for hours, striving only to give some order which he thought might promote her comfort. To him the fading away of the maiden was like the loss of sunlight to the landscape. The earth was all there, but its joy and glory were alike gone.

How was Olmedo? Calm. Never had Beatriz appeared to him so lovely as now. He had seen too many death-beds not to know that she was shortly to pass away. Every change in her aspect was closely watched, and all that his experience could suggest done to postpone, if it could not avert, her death. But he neither sought to deceive himself nor her. If Juan felt himself alone, how much more must he whose soul was so interwoven with the dying woman's! Tenderly and truly had their love and faith kept pace in all the eventful scenes they had passed through. Tempted, they had conquered. Their hearts had recognized their

inalienable birthright — to love — yet they had not sinned. Now the spiritual was triumphing over the material. As the body grew more helpless, the spirit became indeed stronger. This he saw. How could he then sorrow ; when, with the eye of faith, he beheld infinite joy expanding in her soul ? Mourn for himself, left so solitary in his earthly pilgrimage, he must, and did, but he rejoiced for her. At no time had he been more earnest in his religious duties than during her illness. A solemn responsibility rested upon him to be even more faithful to her pure aspirations and gentle faith. He was with her also more than ever. As she drew nigh her departure, every trace of the harsher doctrines of her church passed from her mind, as the dead leaves of autumn give way to the living growth of spring. Fed by the vital currents of faith and love that flowed into her soul from that world her spirit was now piercing, his mind grew likewise, and he perceived how that separation in body could prove union in spirit. Thus he was comforted and sustained. He now felt that divine wisdom and love were given in some degree to all men ; that all nature was imbued with their principles ; that both nature and man were working out the great problem of happiness, through a slow and laborious progress, governed by universal laws existing from a beneficent and impartial deity. Polemical creeds were the shackles of intellect and the graves of the soul. There was but one creed, viz., that God made all men, and none had a right to arrogate to themselves the way of salvation.

Of him to whom much was given, it was true that much would be required. God was always revealing himself to the inquiring soul. No age or race had a right to claim a final revelation or a monopoly of inspiration. Truth was as free as the air to all who could or would receive it, but it was like gold in the mine, dark and hidden until labor brought it to the sunlight, stamped it with the die of reason, and put it into circulation. All new coin was looked on with suspicion, but when made familiar became as current as the old. All truth was partial, because its degree depended upon the quality and capacity of the individual mind. Perfect truth is the divine atmosphere. No man can breathe that now, but might hope to attain it through infinite progress. Hence among men universal toleration of opinions should prevail. The best minds here were but infants in knowledge. Striving there should be, but it should consist in mutual charity and forbearance; the patient waiting of each soul, and patient working out of its duties in faith, for individual and general life were linked together for a harmonious end. If disappointment to him were needful for another's good, he was ready to bid it welcome, and from out of self-sacrifice to rise the stronger man. He saw in Beatriz's death her spiritual promotion. In strengthening her to meet it, he was best preparing himself for those consolations which as necessarily result from moral laws as does gravitation from the physical. Therefore Olmedo looked upon the present trial as the beautiful working out of the final hap-

piness of Beatriz and himself. To him she was the divine messenger through whom life and light had come. Talk not of the power of passionate love! Its selfish flame burns itself out, leaving nothing but ashes. Olmedo loved Beatriz, but it was now with a love in which passion was sublimated into purity; strengthened by self-sacrifice and made immortal by faith. What, then, were a few years of time to him who already saw into eternity!

One day Beatriz felt so much stronger that she asked to be carried to the spot in the forest, where she and Olmedo had met when they were taken off by Tolta. Besides her litter-bearers and women, who retired a little way after making up for her an easy couch, she was alone with him. It was the loveliest hour of the twenty-four, drawing towards sunset, just as the sun's rays, becoming mellow, were casting a veil of soft and purple light, tinged with golden radiance, over sea and land. The air was as warm and healthful as an infant's breath.

Beautiful as was the place, it had never looked so beautiful to her as now. The birds were twittering in their leafy homes, and, coming close to her as to an old friend, warbled a welcome before they bade good night to the sinking sun, or from the topmost branches sang their vespers. All old memories came back to her, save only the sad one connected with Tolta, which she seemed now to have forgotten. She thought only of the many talks they had had here, on subjects dear to both; their mutually expressed longings for the familiar faces

and scenes of their native land, and their plans and hopes when forced to feel that they would no more see them ; the sadness that stole over her spirit as she realized that she must live and die upon the island without one of her sex, born of her race, to share her solitude ; how the good father comforted her with holy words, and finally her love spoke and his spoke, and they each knew the heart's secret of the other, and both trembled, but grew stronger from prayer and faith, and now could look back upon their past without a blush, and forward with hope in an eternal union ; all this, and much else that was endeared to her, came bright and joyful to her recollection. She recalled to Olmedo scenes and words full of gladness to both. Her voice was much clearer and stronger, and her manner so cheerful, that he was borne away on the pleasant tide, and thought only of their present happiness, without heeding that it was the illumination of a mortal on the confines of the spirit-world.

Suddenly a shadow passed over her features, and she told Olmedo that she would rest awhile. Closing her eyes, she sank into a gentle slumber that lasted for half an hour. Bright smiles chased each other in such quick succession on her face, that she seemed to her watcher to be already living in another sphere. As he gazed almost in awe upon a happiness that gave him a closer insight into the joys of a soul communing with its God, Beatriz awoke. Turning her eyes vacantly upon him, then looking around upon the scenery still lovely, for the brief twilight was in its prime, she was for a mo-

ment bewildered. "Where am I; is this earth, — am I back again? How dark it seems," said she. "Give me your hand, Olmedo, — I see you now. I have had such a dream, — shall I tell it to you?"

Olmedo begged her not to exhaust herself, but to wait until she was more equal to talking. "No, Olmedo, I must tell it now. I am quite strong. Indeed a new life is in my veins, but something bids me be quick. When I closed my eyes it seemed to me I was dead. My spirit slowly left my body, and rested in the air above you, who were watching it so tenderly. How I wanted to embrace you and speak my love, but I could not. Soon a bright form came, so bright that my eyes were at first too dazzled to be able to look upon it. But as that wore off, I knew my sister Domitila, who you remember, died before we left Spain. She welcomed me to my new home, as she called it, and took me away with her. How we went I could not tell, but we were borne on without effort on our own part, by an unseen power, and yet it seemed to come from ourselves. Such scenery, such beauty, those loving faces crying, 'welcome, dear sister.' Would that I could describe them. Joy filled my heart. I was amid all things loveliest and best, such as of late you and I have so often faintly conceived as we talked of heaven. Oh! how real they now were! I was a spirit, yet I had a body and senses that gave me exquisite pleasure. Every emotion and effort was increasing happiness. How clearly my soul saw into divine wisdom and love. I thought it strange at first that I did not see the

Holy Virgin and the Saints, and asked where they were. 'Such as we are now they were,' replied my sister; 'they have passed on to greater glory through the sure operation of the laws of progress. Ye do wrong on earth to worship those who once were but human beings like yourselves, — whose sole claim to honor is, that they were obedient to the divine will, diligent to understand, and quick to practise. It is because you have lived on earth a blameless life, charitable and useful, enjoying existence, cultivating purity, seeking truth, actively good, and ever aspiring to know the divine will, patient and sincere, through doubt and ignorance trusting in the great good, that you now witness these mysteries. Soon they will be as much yours as mine. Go back to earth and tell your companion what you have seen. He will understand the message. Bid him be patient and zealous, for he has much earthly work yet to do, but for you, my sister, I shall soon return. I have watched over you as you will over Olmedo since we parted in form, striving to impress your heart with the love of our world. It was an easy task, and now it is finished, and we will kneel in future together at the feet of older spirits, to learn of them still further the way of truth and life.' So saying, she floated away like a sunbeam, and I awoke.

"What think you of it, Olmedo? Was it not sweet? There is no death; joy! joy! Ever shall I watch over you with my sister until you too pass through the gate of heaven. Look! look! there she comes. Oh! how beautiful. Many others are

with her now. I see their rainbow robes. I hear their voices,—they call me; oh! listen to the music. Seraphs are striking their harps,—the air is filled with harmony,—do you not hear it too? Where are you, Olmedo? Touch me. I do not see you, but I see them,—that white light,—how glorious all appears; how melodious their speech! I am here, dear sister,—quick,—take me,”—and thus her sweet spirit went home.

Olmedo was stupefied. Not a word had he lost, feebly and brokenly as the last words had been uttered. Yet to see her go from him as her spirit became so ravishingly beautiful, was more than even he could well bear. There she lay in death's stillness. The sun had gone down, the wind was hushed, her maidens looked on in speechless grief, not a leaf stirred, all was silent,—silent as the grave! No! there is no silence in the grave to the believer.

Before him it is true was the form by which he had known Beatriz, soon to be dust. The eloquent eye, the laughing lip, the blushing cheek were never again in flesh to speak to him. Must we not allow him a moment's anguish as he *heard* their silence? Mourn, monk;—thou art still human! Grief is permitted thee. Many and lonely must thy days of pilgrimage yet be!

He shed no tears, but leaned his face on the bosom of the corpse, and there groaned. A light seemed to pass before his eyes. He looked up. “Merciful God, am I too a Spirit?” burst from his lips as he gazed. There, floating in the air, and

almost touching him, he saw her he had just lost. She was an angel now. As she smiled upon him, he thought he heard a voice say, "Farewell for a little while,"—and then the stars only were twinkling above him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ Yet human spirit ! bravely hold thy course,
Let virtue teach these faintly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change :
For birth and life and death, and that strange state
Before the naked soul has formed its home,
All tend to perfect happiness.

QUEEN MAB.

IN my opinion, I should stop here. Each reader, so it seems to me, can readily conjecture the subsequent fate of the survivors. But a voice over my shoulder whispers, No. We are still curious and quite unable to trace their after history without your aid. Recollect, you are familiar with the locality, customs, and above all the traditions which first brought the actors to your notice. Where everything varies so greatly from our experiences, the result must be more or less of an enigma.

And why should it not be ? Mystery will give the story a charm beyond the power of my pen. Beatriz has gone up to heaven, not in chariots of fire, but in the arms of love. Well would it be if we could there follow her and partake of her felicity. “ A little while,”—yes, in a little while the call of each of us will be heard. May our welcome be like hers.

As I cannot follow her into the scenes of her new

duties and joys, I leave them to the imagination. To gratify any lurking curiosity as to the others, I will briefly relate all that came to my knowledge after that — to her — great gain.

Kiana proved a sincere mourner. The character of Beatriz had so impressed him that he never after sought companionship among the females of his race. He grew to be a silent, reserved man, kind to all, but indisposed to interest himself in the usual duties of his station. Much of his time he passed alone, so that his people, in their poetical fancy, in speaking of him among themselves, called him Kamehameha, "the lonely one." To Olmedo he particularly attached himself, and as he soon neglected the religion of his ancestors more than ever, it was supposed that he had imbibed many of his views. When he died, which took place at the expiration of ten years, there was a wailing over all Hawaii, such as had never been heard before.



The people all grieved for him as for one they deeply loved. At his dying request they abstained from the usual barbarous demonstrations, by which they were wont to mark their sorrow. There were no sacrifice of property, no shaving of heads, no knocking out of teeth, or self-inflicted wounds. Above all, his memory was honored by a strict abstinence from the usual saturnalia, allowed on the death of a chief of the highest rank, during which sensuality and the darkest passions were permitted to riot unchecked. A decorous funeral took place, at which all the people assisted, with a solemn state heretofore unknown in their annals.

Hewahewa became a powerful and sagacious ruler. By the influence of Olmedo he was induced to mitigate many of the cruel rites of his mythology, though the belief of his people in Pele remained unshaken. The good monk had therefore the satisfaction to see that humanity gained by his presence in Hawaii, though his opinions affected but a few of the most intelligent minds. Indeed, so satisfied had he himself become of the inefficiency of strictly dogmatic teachings, that he seldom attempted to expound the mysteries of the Roman creed, but confined his discourses to such general ideas of the nature of divinity and the absurdity of idol worship, as might be comprehended by the simplest mind. The seed which he thus sowed was not without fruit. It slowly ripened during rather more than two centuries, gradually weaning the masses from their belief in demonology, until a short time before the advent of the American missionaries, in 1820,

the nation discarded paganism and destroyed their idols. Hewahewa, the then high-priest, had inherited much of the inquiring, skeptical spirit of his ancestor. Publicly resigning his office, he was the first to apply the torch to the temples and their sacred contents. The accumulated gifts of national piety through the long centuries of heathenism were consumed in a day, while he and others proclaimed their belief in "one only Great God, dwelling in the heavens."

Juan's grief was violent, but he recovered before long his natural tone. As he could not recall the dead, he interested himself in the living, and was ever the same adventurous, impetuous being, admired for his gallantry and beloved for his generosity. Before his sister died, Liliha's artless sympathy had touched his heart. After that event, he was more than ever drawn to her, and she to him. There was something in her youth and character so different from the wanton beauty and unrefined minds of Hawaiian women in general, that it commanded his respect. He must have some one to love, now his sister was gone, and he loved her. She returned his love as freely, and truly as the wood-dove returns its mate's. There was no coyness or affected reserve. His manly qualities had now won her heart, still warm with its devotion to Beatriz, and she told him so, and gave it to him with her all. Juan asked of Olmedo the Roman Catholic rite to sanctify their union. Liliha assented, much wondering at first why the

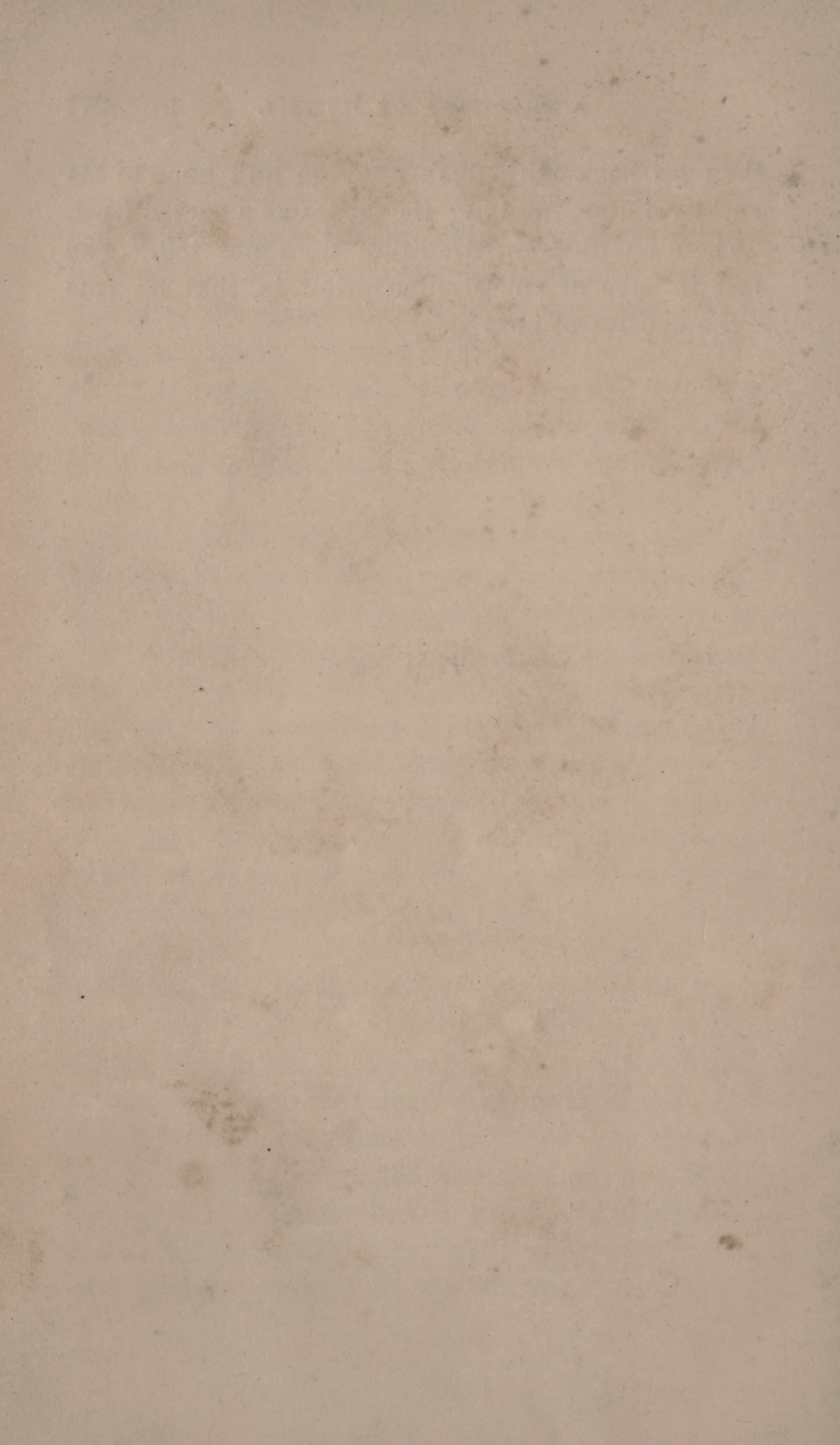
words of another were requisite to bind them closer together. They loved each other faithfully. How then could the bond be made dearer or truer? It was difficult to make her understand the necessity of the ceremonies and pledges with which Christians wed. With or without it, however, she was the same faithful, sincere, joyous creature, right in her instincts and quick in her perceptions. From their mingled blood descended several noted chiefs.

What of Olmedo? He lived long and usefully. The dying vision of Beatriz was never absent from his thoughts. It had become a holy message to him. Never did the good man let go by an opportunity for a kind act or comforting word. His counsels and instruction were freely given to all who applied. He lived apart from all others as he had always done, the same solitary chaste man of God. So wrapt was he ever in his reflections, inwardly conversing with his spirit-bride, that among the natives he was known as Kapiolani, "the captive of heaven."

Beatriz was buried on the spot where she died. Olmedo erected a cross over her remains with the simple inscription in Spanish, "*She is not here.*" He had consigned her dust to its mother earth, but the spirit had gone back to the God who gave it. Daily at sunset he prayed over the grave. Often that dear face came back to greet and cheer him, and as he gazed, the same lowly whispered words, "for a little while," fell on his ear. He would

then go back with fresh courage and hope to his earthly home, fulfilling its duties as a sacred trust. When he died the tradition does not tell. The last it says of the strange priest is, that he was "the captive of heaven."

THE END.



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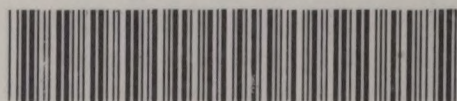
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